

Zion's Herald.

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THE ROMANIST AHEAD.—Two late English items are of especial value in the chief of the social reforms of the day. Archbishop Manning has signed the temperance pledge, and Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has declared that he should no more drink wine or ale professedly as a medicine, but should take them as a regular beverage. The effect of these two acts will be immense. The British conscience is becoming troubled on the question of the use of ale drinking. It has not yet attained the depth of conviction that has wrought itself into the American conscience, so that no person can sell or drink among us, without a sensibility of sin. He knows or fears that he is doing wrong. To that state all England is hastening. The moral and Christian people are awakening to the terrible consequences of this universal habit. They see how embroiling and impoverishing is the practice, even its least intoxicating and most universal form—that of ale drinking. They are organizing societies, publishing journals, petitioning Parliament, invading every channel of influence, religious, literary and political. They are making rapid progress. Many candidates in the late election have expressed themselves in favor of a Permissive Bill, not permissive to sell, but to prohibit the sale when a parish or city shall choose. In this progress the wise Archbishop sees, and first of all the representatives of the great churches, to give it his approval by signing the pledge. No prelate of the National church, hardly a dissenting body, has gone as far. Newman Hall and other excellent men have favored it, but it has probably never received so high an official endorsement before.

In painful contrast with this noble act is Mr. Spurgeon's surrender to rum. Exhausted by his enormous labors, nervous to extreme, he flies to the wine cup and the ale mug for strength. It will only feed the fire in his veins. His system is too unstrung to bear even coffee, or strong tea, and he pours into these alcoholic fires. It is not impossible, nor unlikely that they will make him a drunkard. It is certain that the act will make thousands and tens of thousands of other men drunkards. His influence is enormous. It rami-fies all the realm. Should Ward Beecher make such a declaration, all can see how it would increase this evil. Spurgeon will do yet worse; for the reform has not yet advanced there as it has here, beyond the stage where one man can do relatively but little harm. He has done the cause of Protestant Christianity at home and abroad unspeakable harm. He has given the Roman faith an unspeakable advantage. Even now *The Springfield Republican* catches up his confession of being drinking behind the door, and charges the like offense on many of the temperance men, than which we believe nothing can be farther from the truth. Well did Mr. Fulton say in the New England Christian Temperance Convention, that he had rather die than to have had his brother thus fall. Dr. Blagden rebuked him for his language, but St. Paul and the Saviour would commend him for it; for it was of the same spirit as Paul's feeling for his brethren, and Christ's

for us all. We rejoice in this act of the papal Archbishop even if it gives him and his church the pre-eminence over a more Christian faith which is thus accompanied by less Christian works. Let all the church pray for the conversion of the great preacher from this course, full of peril to himself, fraught with immeasurable harm to the church and to all souls.

THE FIRST DUTY OF CONGRESS.—The most important question before Congress, at its coming session, is that of Universal Manhood Suffrage. The failure of this right by the popular vote, in every State where it has been tried, except in Minnesota and Iowa, the certainty of its failure if repeated, from Connecticut to Missouri, proves that if it is to come soon it must be by the act of Congress. And it must come soon. It is the worst sore in the Southern heart to-day that they are required to receive what the North will not give itself. It is the most disturbing element in our nation. We have no moral right to impose an obligation on one part of the land which the rest will not accept. We can have no peace till this right is made national. Gen. Grant sees this pre-requisite to the becalming of the Southern region, and urges the enactment of universal suffrage. The question before Congress will be threefold: Shall it be enacted at all? shall it be by amendment to the Constitution, or by a law? The first must be settled in the affirmative. The Chicago Platform must be broken down in the first step which is actually taken upon it. It was a delusion and worse, as its advocates knew, when they said "Suffrage must be left to the States." They used feints to win battles, as their leader did, and as did Joshua. They had no such excuse as these. Had they followed another gift of their leader, silence, they would have kept their record clear, and won the battle as well. As to whether it be by amendment or enactment, division will arise. Twenty-five Legislatures will approve the amendment; twenty-eight are necessary. It can be made a condition precedent in the admission of Texas and Virginia. But that will not assure its confirmation. This being doubtful, Charles Sumner's proposition, which is the best, should be adopted. He declares that the late amendment and the original preamble give Congress the power to enact universal suffrage; that as it enacts civil rights and citizenship, so it can that which is essential to citizenship, in America, and to complete civil rights—the ballot. This argument includes by necessity the right of woman suffrage, but it does not therefore necessitate its enactment in the same bill that confers universal loyal suffrage to American male citizens. Whichever course is chosen, the end must be reached, and man be one and equal in all his rights and privileges in America.

THE NEW ENGLAND TEMPERANCE CONVENTION was quite successful, though for its success we must give Dr. Blagden no little credit. For his pebble of opposition disturbed its otherwise perfect unity, and made ripples in a glassy current. It convened in the Meinaon, on Wednesday morning, the 2d inst., and held its meetings there for two days, except an evening session at the Park Street Church, and an afternoon gathering at the Music Hall. Gov. Buckingham presided, with vice presidents of rank and influence from all the New England States. Resolutions were passed approving the use of the pledge, declaring prohibition as the only proper or successful way of dealing with this evil, urging the participation of churches and ministers in this work, and other kindred points. Dr. Blagden offered resolutions against drunkenness, and made a lengthy speech in favor of moderate drinking. His biblical illustrations were drawn from the marriage of Cana, and the charge of Paul to the Corinthians not to get to get drunk at the Sacrament, which showed that their wine was intoxicating. His proof texts were Paul's declaration that every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, and that in the last days men would forbid to marry, and to abstain from meats. The first the Romanists have done, the last the Temperance men. He was replied to by nearly a dozen five-min-

utes' arguments. In the course of them it was asserted that it is not declared in the Bible that Christ did make wine, except by the toast master, and he may have been too drunk to know what it was; that he would not have made six water pots, or 120 gallons of intoxicating wine, and that new wine is not intoxicating; that the apostle's admonition to the Corinthians showed that they had such wine as might now be found at some sacramental tables, but not necessarily such as Christ had at his passover; that if every creature of God was good, it was not necessarily good for food; that on this plea, lizards, snakes, toads, everything should be eaten; or if our taste was our law, opium would be commended, and converted cannibals, who still rolled the old relish of human flesh as a sweet morsel under their tongue, would plead their duty not to "abstain from meats" so delicious as these, but of the best of the creatures of God to partake as freely, only being careful not to eat to drunkenness. It was shown that such perversions of scripture every reform had to meet, Slavery having its pulpit and Bible supporters to its dying moment.

It was also forcibly proved how almost inevitably moderate drinking led to intemperance, how ale and cider were the sure precursors of whisky, and how revivals could only flourish and Christians grow on the basis of total abstinence. The answers were so many that a hearer wittily remarked that the last speakers were like the brave Irishman who, having appeared in camp with the foot of his foe as a trophy, and when asked why he did not bring his head, replied, "Faith, an' that was cut off before I found him." Still we have to thank the worthy divine for making the Convention a very lively affair. He found not a sympathizer nor a supporter. He was not treated badly, but generously and kindly. Though without a backer, the Convention heard him to the end. Though he opposed their most cherished views, and sought to cut the roots of the reform of thirty years, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, Dr. Seeley, and all the other speakers treated him with the utmost respect. One sentiment pervaded the body, that there was need of new effort, that the time for such effort had come, that the cause would surely win, and that it must be pressed in every form, personally, socially, legally. Gen. Wilson contributed much to its success. His speeches vary with denunciations of the liquor dealers. He proclaimed war to the knife between him and them. He showed how terrible was the demoralization of our community, above less compact societies. A single "spree" disturbs the movements of a whole factory, and casts the victim and his family into deeper loss and misery than if he was a farmer loafer of a merely agricultural region, where men lived by odd jobs and had many days of enforced idleness. He urged the circulation of the pledge as the surest permanent foundation for the reform.

The cause will be furthered by the Convention. It showed how united is the Christian opinion of New England, and that this only needs systematic co-operation and consolidation to bring the whole region under the benign sway of total abstinence and prohibition.

THE JEWS OF Pennsylvania were indignant at Gov. Geary because he advised them on Thanksgiving Day to pray "that our paths through life may be directed by the example and instructions of the Redeemer, who died that we might enjoy the blessings which temporarily flow therefrom, and eternal life in the world to come." So incensed were they that they refused to shut up shop and eat turkey, a truly Jewish way of exhibiting rage, as it made them save a penny and gain one at the same time. The worst of it is that the Philadelphia papers approve or apologize for their conduct. It is time that the King of kings and Lord of lords, by Whom all things are made that are made, should be recognized in the Constitution of the United States. Here is a body of men who refuses to recognize a proclamation that sets forth Christ crucified as the Saviour of man, and the secular press approve their conduct. Are we a Christian or a Pantheistic nation?

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

Those dear companions who have gone before
To that bright land where sorrow comes no more,
Are not, methinks, in realms of bliss confined,
Unconscious of the world they've left behind;
And if their souls still wear the bonds they wore—
Of fond affection—in the days of yore,
Those twining bonds e'en 'mid celestial mirth
May sometimes draw them to the scenes of earth.

Our heavenly Father knows our needs so well
That ere our cares and sorrows we can tell,
He sees, and touched with pity at our grief,
Sends forth ambassadors with swift relief;
And in his wisdom, mayhap, sometimes sends
As "ministering spirits" our own former friends.

Full oft the soldier of the cross, dismayed,
And well nigh vanquished by the bands arrayed
Beneath the standard of the Prince of Hell,
And asking aid their onsets to repels
Might see, were heaven but to ope his eyes,
Their sunbright squadrons flashing through the skies:
Gleaming aloft their starry banners shine,
As onward speeds their wide-extended line;
With threatening front the leader of the lost
Awaits the advent of the heavenly host!
But when at last their flaming cohorts sweep
As sweeps the whirlwind o'er the angry deep,
As haste the waves before the summer storms,
So fly the demons from their fiery arms.

But not alone in strife with tempting fiends
Meet we with succor from celestial friends;
For all the multitude of human woes
From angel eyes the tear of mercy flows;
To mortals crushed beneath a load of cares
An angel hand the cup of comfort bears;
They guide the wanderer in the pathless wild,
Or watch the cradle of a sleeping child;
Lead back the erring who have gone astray
From God and heaven to "the narrow way";
They soothe in sickness, bind the broken heart,
Throughout our lives perform their blessed part;
And when at last the toils of life are o'er,
They wait our coming on the farther shore
Of that dark gulf that grimly yawns between
Our mortal miseries and the joys unseen.

And when emerging from the flood we stand
On the blessed borders of the promised land;
Their beaming smiles and tender looks shall prove
We're not forgotten by the ones we love.
Cleveland, O.

F. H. W.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES.

Extracts from a Thanksgiving Sermon delivered in Rev.
Dr. Todd's Church in Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Wentworth.

CHINA.

Until recently, England has held undisputed sway in the East. Latterly, she has shared with France the doubtful honor of military control of the four hundred millions of China. The peace and equality policy inaugurated by the United States through Minister Burlingame threatens to overturn her prestige and power. The Queen has at length spoken kindly to Mr. Burlingame and his bronze companions, men whose condition (in their own laws and literature) would bear comparison with that of D'Israeli, and whose diplomatic shrewdness would match that of Secretary Seward. There is no doubt that Christian civilization will gain by this visit, even if it do not result in the positive conversion to Christianity of Prince Koong, the Queen Mother and His Majesty Choong-Tay, the boy-heir of the crown and throne and robes of imperial yellow. The Chinese Embassy promises great commercial and political advantages, but to my mind the world has failed as yet to appreciate its most important and vital significance. The Christian world has hardly an idea of the influence that the conversion of the Emperor would have on the millions under his despotic control. Such a conversion would be the signal for the repetition of the days of Constantine, when the whole world bowed to Christianity, by imperial example and decree, or of the times when, on a smaller scale, the Isles of the Pacific became Christ's in a day. One third of the human race would be instantly nominal Christians, and at once open to the Bible and the converting influences of the gospel. Effete idolatries would be at once abandoned, and their decayed temples, altars and idols given to the moles and bats. India is already under Christian rule, and advancing in the path of evangelization. India and China converted, even nominally, would place one half of mankind and nearly all the great heathenisms of the world under Christian sway and within the reach of the means of life and salvation. The gospel, aided by its powerful modern accessories, railroads, steamers and telegraphs, would traverse freely the largest and most populous of earth's continents, and Asia, the scene of God's first and last revelations, Eden and Calvary, would be restored to the King of kings. Rejuvenated, this magnificent continent, the home of fra-

grance and spices, would blossom as the garden of the Lord.

THE POPE AND HIS HIGH CHURCH ALLIES.

If the Pope should be routed from Rome and the Vatican he would doubtless follow his banished Jesuits to America, the soil of absolute religious liberty. Such a migration would be attended by some lovely results. Rome would become what Rome ought to be, the capital of Italy; the Vatican, with its art treasures, would be a fitting residence for the chief magistrate of the renovated republic; St. Peter's, without the aid of a Michael Angelo, would be transformed into a capitol for the sessions of republican legislatures. Rome would be swept clean of the entire horde of priests, monks, nuns, soldiers and beggars, those land-pirates, those swarming vermin that have so long infested the Eternal City, to the disgrace of Italy, Europe and Christendom. Pope and cardinals would be simple citizens in America. Separated from Rome and temporal rule, the great prelatical head-centre would shrink to the proportions of a simple bishop of his own church. Separated from Rome, he might drop the word "Roman" from his title, and thus remove at a stroke the last barrier between himself and those gowned churchmen whose sole objection to the Pope and his creed is that they are *Roman Catholic*.

Once let His Holiness rear his Pontifical chair on American soil, and become, according to his location, New York Catholic, Ohio Catholic, or Nebraska Catholic, instead of *Roman Catholic*, and the entire brood of under-conscience Dr. Ewers, who have so long occupied the pitiable condition of bastard Protestants by their own confession and that of bastard Romanists, in the estimate of everybody else, would fly to the arms of Pius Ninth as clouds and as doves to their windows.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

In view of what government ought to be, in comparison with what our government is, we are forced to inquire how much nearer is America to the true standard of Christian republicanism than Tartary? Is it not our shame to-day that expediency so often takes the place of right, that diplomacy is so suspiciously tortuous, that the ermine of justice is so often sullied, that popular elections are determined by force and fraud and bribery, that government is so shamelessly swindled, that offices are bought and sold, that public revenues are public plunder, that legislatures are controlled by unprincipled leagues and overborne by gambling lobbies; that bold bad men, instead of wise good men, govern the country?

WHICH?—DRINK OR DEBT?

To ungodly men, blindly bent on self-gratification, it is useless to point out the fact that the avails of almost any one of the luxuries in which Americans so pertinaciously indulge, would, if paid to the government, speedily extinguish the national debt. The debt is twenty-five hundred millions. It is officially reported that the amount passed over the counters of retail dealers in intoxicating liquors during the past year was *fifteen hundred millions!* The luxury of indulgence is not the only evil of this enormous and useless consumption of the fruits of industry; it is the destruction of industry itself, the breeder of idleness, the parent of want, poverty, crime and heavy taxation. The revenue tax bears no comparison with the liquor tax. Individuals are ruined, families are ruined, communities are impoverished, prisons are filled, government is plundered, and States themselves corrupted by sharing in the fruits of this iniquitous and destructive traffic under the half-way prohibition scheme known by the specious name license.

LIQUOR VERSUS LAW.

One of the most devilish propensities of human nature is the universal disposition to break law, to run the hazards of detection, exposure and punishment. This kind of sin has a peculiar charm to some men. Hence it is no marvel that a liquor-dealer of Massachusetts lately wished for the restoration of the prohibitory law because he sold more liquor under its stringent action than he had done since under license. It is likely he did for two reasons. One is that under prohibition he had less competition. He sold in defiance of the law, while men less daring and more conscientious left him an open field. Added to this was the excitement ever attendant upon the commission of crime, that pleasing sense of hazard which is the stimulus to so many of the evil deeds of this evil world. The daring, the secrecy, the skill, the pleasure of deceiving the public, the delight of outwitting detectives, often outweigh the desire for gain, and make an unlawful business infinitely more agreeable to some than any honest calling, any decent traffic.

There is a heroism of roguery, an aristocracy of rascality, a royalty of villainy, a lofty ambition to

excel in scoundrelism, that is far above the paltry advantages to be derived from simple dishonesty. Capital executions have no effect upon such minds except to harden them in crime. What defense has society against such? First, to reduce to a minimum the means of vice, the educational schools of crime; and, secondly, to shut up in asylums and industrial prisons those incurably diseased and diabolized souls who do not fall into sin, but who take a monomaniac pleasure in the deliberate violation of law, and who covertly resist or openly repudiate all wholesome restraint.

"HE SAVED OTHERS."

When scorn and hate, and bitter envious pride
Hurl'd all their darts against the Crucified,
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands—thousands their healing touches knew;
On wither'd limbs they fell like heavenly dew:
The dead have left them, and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou canst not raise them from Thy thorn-crowned brow;
Nor on them Thy parch'd lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That Voice from out their graves the dead had stirr'd;
Crush'd, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it had a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all thou hadst deep tones of sympathy—
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pittied all; doth no man pity Thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts Thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and Thy wounds untaunted must bleed;
Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the sky,
One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry.
And saved us.

KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH DAY.

"What profit shall we have, if we serve God."

Many years ago there was an Association formed in New England, the object of which was to send teachers to the Western States and towns. Persons needing teachers corresponded with this Association, and when teachers were found and sent out, certain persons were engaged to meet them at appointed places, and provide homes for them. Let us go with one of these companies of thirty-seven young ladies, starting together from New York on this mission of mercy.

It was before railroads were made, and traveling was slow business. This company of whom I speak traveled partly on canal boats, and their passage was paid to Buffalo, and they expected to arrive in Buffalo before the Sabbath, and pass the Sabbath there. A gentleman had engaged to meet them on their arrival and locate them for the Sabbath, after which they were to proceed on their several ways, for there their routes diverged.

But Saturday morning opened upon them, and they were still far from Buffalo. Some of them sought the captain, and asked him if he expected to get through before night. No. Shall you lay by on the Sabbath? No, he could not. Then he must allow them to stop. No, he should not. They were put under his care to Buffalo, and their expenses paid, and he should not let them leave the boat.

They held another consultation. Some of them had no means of paying their passage on another boat, and thought it would not do to stop. About half the number said decidedly they would not go on; they would not travel on the Lord's day. Among these was the daughter of an intimate friend of the writer. She was the only daughter of a clergyman in D—, N. H. She went to the captain and persuaded him to let them off at the first village they came to. It was now nearly night, and Saturday night. They would be among strangers, and had very inadequate means for defraying expenses, but they loved and trusted their covenant Lord, and feared nothing so much as to dishonor Him. Together they went to the nearest hotel and told the landlord their story, and asked for a room. There they held a season of prayer. They then inquired what clergymen were in the place, and were told there was a Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian. They asked that the nearest clergyman should be requested to come to them at the hotel. He came, heard the circumstances of their stopping, told them they had done right, and that not one of the company should have gone on if he had known about it in season. He told them to wait a little, and he would see them again. He then went out, and soon returned with several other gentlemen to whom he introduced the young ladies. These men invited the teachers to their several homes for the Sabbath, taking two or more each, as was convenient to their families. But before they separated it was agreed that they all attend church together on the next day, and all attend one service at each church, which they did according to arrangement.

Before the ministers parted from each other they

engaged that each minister should present the claims of the young ladies to their several congregations, and each one should do it while the young ladies were at one of the other churches, and should also take up a contribution for them. This was to be done without the knowledge of the young ladies. It had also been decided that they should all meet together at the hotel Monday morning. So on Monday they came together, with their new friends and the three ministers. And now they were surprised to find that money had been collected for them which proved to be more than sufficient to meet the expenses of their journey. There they enjoyed another season of prayer, and were sent on their way rejoicing. They arrived safely in Buffalo, and were met by the appointed person. And here they remained two days, waiting for their companions who had remained on the boat to get in; said boat having been toiling and struggling all through the Sabbath, trying to get on.

While thus waiting in Buffalo our little company were taken to see Niagara Falls and other places of interest, and had full and decided proof that those who honor the Sabbath day shall be blessed of the Lord of the Sabbath. After all had come together again at Buffalo, they went on their several ways. II.

TWENTY YEARS.

BY JOHN R. GOODWIN.

'Tis twenty years, my dear old friend,
Since first we one another met,
When friendship clasped our hand in hand,
And lit a light that's burning yet.

Twenty years—how like a dream
The parted way to us appears;
How swift has time's in-lidious stream
Borne from our sight these twenty years.

And the hot blood has cooler grown,
That thrilled our veins in the days of yore,
While care and toil their seed have sown,
And joy and grief their fruitage bore.

Twenty years, they've left their trace
Upon us as they've drifted by,
Have crossed some wrinkles on the face,
And dimmed the sparkle in the eye.

And the proud form is bended now,
The step less firm, less true and bold,
And o'er the once unshadowed brow
We read that we are growing old.

Yet, as we backward cast our eyes
Along the path our feet have trod
On many a spot the sunshine lies,
Bright with the blessing of our God.

And still, to-day, our hearts are young,
Unwithered as in youth's glad prime,
When hope her silver bells outrung
To cheer us with the merriest chime.

And with a faith still strong and deep,
In Him whose promise cannot fail,
Who watches e'en the sparrow's sleep,
Again on life's rough sea we sail.

The light from off the "sinless shore,"
Shall point our track across the tide,
While many a loved one gone before
Shall greet us on the other side.

"PARKER'S GROGSHOP."

Thus Mr. Hawthorne in his Diary calls this formerly famous restaurant. Though it now adds sleeping accommodations to its eating and drinking, it is now no less than when he wrote chiefly famous for its culinary qualities. At that time it was the pet-eating house and drinking-house of Boston. It is still. His severe portraiture of its occupants and adornments only too fully paint not it alone, but every such restaurant and bar the country over. As Hawthorne was as far from a temperance man as an anti-slavery man, his testimony, like Parton's, is all the more valuable. Thus he paints it:

1850, May 7.—I did not go out yesterday afternoon, but after tea I went to Parker's. The drinking and smoking shop is no bad place to see one kind of life. The front apartment is for drinking. The door opens into Court Square, and is denoted, usually, by some choice specimens of dainties exhibited in the windows, or hanging beside the door-post; as, for instance, a pair of canvas-back ducks, distinguishable by their delicately mottled feathers; an admirable cut of raw beef-steak; a ham, ready boiled, and with curious figures traced in spices on its outward fat; a half, or perchance the whole, of a large salmon, when in season; a bunch of partridges, etc., etc. A screen stands directly before the door, so as to conceal the interior from an outside barbarian. At the counter stand, at almost all hours,—certainly at all hours when I have chanced to observe,—tipplers, either taking a solitary glass, or treating all round, veteran toppers, flashy young men, visitors from the country, the various petty officers connected with the law, whom the vicinity of the Court-House brings hither. Chiefly, they drink plain liquors, gin, brandy, or whiskey, sometimes a Tom and Jerry, a gin cocktail (which the bar-tender makes artistically, tossing it in a large parabola from one tumbler to another, until fit for drinking,) a brandy-smash, and numerous other concoctions. All this toying goes forward with little or no apparent exhilaration of spirits; nor does this seem to be the object sought,—it being either, I imagine, to create a titillation of the coats of the stomach and a general sense

of invigoration, without affecting the brain. Very seldom does a man grow wild and unruly.

The inner room is hung round with pictures and engravings of various kinds,—a painting of a premium ox, a lithograph of a Turk and of a Turkish lady, . . . and various showily engraved tailors' advertisements, and other shop bills; among them all, a small painting of a drunken toper, sleeping on a bench beside the grogshop,—a ragged, half-hatless, bloated, red-nosed, jolly miserable-looking devil, very well done, and strangely suitable to the room in which it hangs. Round the walls are placed some half a dozen marble-topped tables, and a centre-table in the midst; most of them strewn with theatrical and other show bills; and the large theatre bills, with their type of gigantic solidity and blackness, hung against the walls.

Last evening, when I entered, there was one guest somewhat overcome with liquor, and slumbering with his chair tipped against one of the marble tables. In the course of a quarter of an hour, he roused himself (a plain, middle-aged man,) and went out with rather an unsteady step,—and a hot, red face. One or two others were smoking, and looking over the papers, or glancing at a play-bill. From the centre of the ceiling descended a branch of two gas-burners, which sufficiently illuminated every corner of the room. Nothing is so remarkable in these bar-rooms and drinking-places, as the perfect order that prevails: if a man gets drunk, it is no otherwise perceptible than by his going to sleep, or his inability to walk.

Facing the sidewalk in front of this grogshop of Parker's (or sometimes, on cold and rainy days, taking his station inside,) there is generally to be observed an elderly ragamuffin, in a dingy and battered hat, an old surtout, and a more than shabby general aspect; a thin face and red nose, a patch over one eye, and the other half drowned in moisture. He leans in a slightly stooping posture on a stick, forlorn, and silent addressing nobody, but fixing his one moist eye on you with a certain intenceness. He is a man who has been in decent circumstances at some former period of his life, but, falling into decay (perhaps by dint of too frequent visits at Parker's bar,) he now haunts about the place, as a ghost haunts about the spot where he was murdered, "to collect his rents," as Parker says,—that is, to catch an occasional nippence from some charitable acquaintances, or a glass of liquor at the bar. The word "ragamuffin" which I have used above, does not accurately express the man, because there is a sort of shadow or delusion of respectability about him, and a sobriety too, and a kind of decency in his groggy and red-nosed destitution.

Underground, beneath the drinking and smoking-rooms, is Parker's eating-hall, extending all the way to Court Street. All sorts of good eating may be had there, and a gourmand may feast at what expense he will.

I saw, for a wonder, a man pretty drunk at Parker's the other evening,—a well-dressed man, of not ungentlemanly aspect. He talked loudly and foolishly, but in good phrases, with a great flow of language, and he was no otherwise impertinent than in addressing his talk to strangers. Finally, after sitting a long time staring steadfastly across the room in silence, he arose, and staggered away as best he might, only showing in his very drunken state when he attempted to walk.

BAPTISM IN THE COUNTRY.

I don't think I ever saw so solemn and beautiful a sight. It was in the wilderness. For the two miles we rode to reach the place nothing was to be seen but the green fields and hills. The pond was some distance from the street. As it nestled quietly at the foot of the hills, which seemed to keep out all that was worldly, with its still surface reflecting only the cloudless heavens, it seemed almost conscious of the part it was to take in the solemn ceremony. Those that were there were evidently present, not out of curiosity but sympathy. As they gathered, one by one, you would not know it unless you saw them, for not a footstep was to be heard. Nature had carpeted the ground. As the minister walked down the slope, and out into the waters, and lifted up his pale face, saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost," one could hardly refrain from responding, "Take the shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Without a word, the crowd dispersed as silently as it came.

DYING TRIUMPH.

"Come on, my partners in distress," is from Charles Wesley's "Hymns and Sacred Poems" (1749), Vol. II., page 29, title, "For the Brotherhood." The third verse of the original is left out. This hymn is distinguished for its special adaptation to the circumstances of the tried and suffering people of God. Montgomery says of this hymn that it anticipates the strains of the redeemed, "and is written almost in the spirit of the church triumphant." In *The Wesleyan Magazine* there is an account of Miss Barbara Jewitt, of whom we read as follows: "On the day of her death she was sitting in the chair in which she had sat for three weeks, and broke out into singing in a loud tone the delightful hymn,—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

Her relatives were alarmed, for she had only been able to speak in a whisper for some weeks. After sing-

ing half an hour she requested Hymn 337 to be given out, "Come on, my partners in distress," etc., in the singing of which she joined at intervals with earnestness. "Sing on, sing on," she frequently said to her friends. Then, as if talking to angelic spirits, she said, "Stay, stay; I am not ready yet." She requested the hymn to be sung, "O glorious hope of perfect love," etc. Her sight now failed her, and she asked her friends to come nearer and sing on. Whilst they were thus engaged she waved her hand round in triumph, and with much emphasis sang,—

"And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

She then fell back in her chair, and in a moment her spirit fled to the skies.—*The Methodist Recorder*.

THE OFFICE OF FICTION.

Now, what is a fiction? What are Christ's fictions? He was the supremest teacher by fiction or parable. What was it? A moral truth clothed with imaginary circumstances. He took imaginary conditions as well as external facts, in order that with them he might clothe moral truth and present it to men in a form in which they could receive it. And if fiction serves to convey to men truth that they did not understand before; if it inspires them to thought, to diligence, to development, to self-culture, and to a higher life, it not only is not injurious, but is beneficial. But if out of it grow no thoughts, no purposes, and no conduct; if when one has been under its influence, he feels that he is more than ever cut off from practical life; if he feels that he is less and less willing to think, to bear, to labor, to deny himself, then he has been under the drunken influence of mere feeling. For feeling is intoxication when it exists in high measure. As spirituous liquors produce their effects by producing feeling which has no outlet in thought or conduct, so mere moral spirits do the same thing. And it matters not whether it is fiction or preaching. There is a great amount of drunkenness produced by stimulating preaching, which does not inspire a man to think anything or do anything, but which burns and burns and burns, and makes a man happy, happy, happy, and not better. A man that is happier and not better is worse.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

UNITY OF MAN.

It is idle to seek evidences against the unity of the human race, for an obvious community of nature persistently opposes its daily phenomena to the plausibility of conjecture made necessary by the exigencies of theory. The *prima facie* testimony of the life of man is to the existence of a mankind, one, indivisible and unconfused. Identity of origin is declared in sameness of life, even more clearly than in the physiological testimony to oneness of purpose. Difference of race may be fixed and perhaps unalterable. The projection and propagation of certain faculties may cause permanent proportionate developments of structure and determine fixed varieties of men. All this is within the play of a common life action but no more affects the truth of essential unity, than the long limbs of the Patagonian or the short legs of the Esquimaux. Man is not length of legs, nor weight of brain, nor hue of skin. Long or short, intelligent or stupid, "man is man for all that." Something too, higher and better than his inches or thought, or coloring; as the life, the original, essential endowment from God, is better than all its conditions and accidents. As gold is better than all its brilliancy, or its artistic form—so man has an intrinsic value incomparably greater than the shine or fashion of him—for not the stamped man but the human bullion is legal tender to God.—*Baltimore Episcopal Methodist*.

A SABBATH TOWN.—Rev. E. Nye, of the British Conference, thus describes a village in Cornwall, England:

It is a village known by the name of Mousehole, the inhabitants of which were characterized by three things. (1.) A regular attendance upon the house of God on the Lord's day; (2.) great conscientiousness in paying in good times the debts which they had unavoidably contracted in bad times, and (3.) abstinence from all in intoxicating liquors, especially on the Sabbath. In that village, which contained a population of about 1,600 there was but one public house, and that public house was never open for the sale of drink on the Lord's day. Indeed, the amount realized by the sale of liquor was not sufficient to support it, and hence the proprietor had to resort to other engagements in order to obtain the means of subsistence. [Hear, hear.] Among those 1,600 people there was not one habitual drunkard, nor was there any labor on the Sunday except what was necessary. There were from 300 to 400 fishing boats belonging to Mousehole alone, not one of which went to sea upon the Lord's day. [Applause.] The result of all this was that during the last fifteen years the character of that population had greatly improved. Formerly there were public houses that were filled on the Sunday and week days and many of the people then were habitually drunk.

The slandered ghost that leans against the gate of death hath weight enough to push it open inwardly, but all the crowds of the departed have not weight and strength enough to force it open outwardly.

Pain is the slave of the good man, working in the soil of his heart and amid the dirt, finding and washing and polishing the diamonds that are to adorn his spirit.

I am less afraid of Truth in the guise of Error than of Error in the garb of Truth.—*Dr. Deems*.

He who saves in little things can be liberal in great ones.

THE HOME TABLE.

AFTER THE STORM.*

There's an empty crib in the corner,
And a carriage in the hall,
And a little bounding high-chair,
That is vacant by the wall.

There's a drawer that used to gladden,
With half-worn dresses, pressed,—
Wee sacques and socks and aprons,
That undisturbedly rest;

A tiny cap, and a scarlet cloak,
Lie close by rattle and ring,
While folded away in a corner,
Is a curl that is sunny within,

And close by its side there greets us,
The shadow of what in the storm
Went out, far beyond our clasp,
To leave our hearts aching and torn.

The autumn is weaving a chaplet
Of leaves, o'er a grave at the dell,
While murmuring sad through her harpstrings
Are grief-notes that no heart can tell.

The storm has swept past in its wildness,
And left these mementoes on shore;
We know our boy is with Jesus,
And this earth will be bright nevermore.

Wilbraham.

E. H. A. BURBANK.

* Our Charlie died, Sept. 4th, aged 11 months.

FLIGHT OF THE ALPHABET.

BY WILLY WISP.

The Alphabet having grown weary of literary life, once determined upon following some other vocation.

"Isn't it wonderful," said they, "how little of what is our due is accredited to us by these scribbling swells? Men of letters make a great parade, but whence do they derive their inspiration if not from sight of us? From words do they contend? Book! What is a word in the concrete? What but an alphabetical fraternity, liable at any moment to an explosion, resulting in a mutilation of unity, if not in utter disintegration. (Let no one laugh at our handling of these boulder-words, we are used to such mechanics.) Words? They change their form every century; they drop one of us, and add another with such persistence that, like an Irishman in the third generation, they are no longer recognized, while we continue on the same unchanged elements of human speech. But what care we if we are underrated so? What if at a moment's notice we are able to spin out a new language as set and compact as the Latin, another that will out-trot the French, and a third that will outcenter the English, provided there is a big-enough head to direct the distaff and control the eloquence of the yarn! We are not proud of the gift, for it is born in us; but this much it is at least fair to do, to let the world—the smug-sneering journalist, the paradisiacal poet, the nonesuch rovelist, the stand-out-of-the-way scientist, the terrible thunder-bearing theologian, the nitrate-of-silver critic, and the rest.—to let them all see how they will get on without us!"

Whoever has any doubts respecting a letter losing its identity when distorted from its Capital standard, and repeating itself in any varied form, may take this opportunity to dismiss them as soon as I have fairly dismissed the Alphabet from the first page of the Spelling Book where the above soliloquy took place; for the next day a literary amine pervaded the civilized world, unmitigated and unparalleled, while business sank as dead under the blight as a blind metaphor in a slough of sunless commonplaces! Every book, paper and sign, indeed everything which contained letters, was suddenly deprived of them, while here and there only a mark of punctuation, a mundane star, an innocent dagger, a picture, or something else of the kind, was left to tell the story of their desertion. People took up their newspapers—there was nothing to read in them. Publishers opened their books—the forsaken leaves stared them in the face. In vain the curious clerks searched in the dim cellars for old cast-aside volumes to see if some uninfected page at least might not be found.—there was no exception, the Alphabet had been in earnest in taking leave, while a reign of *carte blanche* seemed to brood over the whole realm of literature. No one was able even to sign his own name, for the letters disappeared as soon as they were written; the mails closed mournfully; the telegraph clicked to no purpose; bank notes ceased to circulate, and such was the extent of the annoyance that many deaf cattle, it was rumored, which now had no longer any warning over the railroad crossings, were seriously incommoded by coming in contact with the passing trains.

Now there was a certain, or rather, uncertain miller, who lived over the left on the main road to Boston. This miller, one dull day, as he had nothing to grind

and no paper to read, taking an empty bag under one arm, and a cotton umbrella under the other, started off in pursuit of the runaway letters. Whither he might be bound no one could tell; but as many conjectures were formed, I dare say, as there were spectacles that turned towards the traveler as he hurried eagerly onward on his journey. Of the difficulties which beset the miller in searching for and capturing the little wanderers, history fails to inform us. I can only chronicle his final success, and furnish in my own language an account of what had happened to them, in their legitimate order.

A, had turned into a harrow; but having always been a captain, he ambitiously tried to get ahead of the oxen, and was for this reason abandoned in the field as incorrigibly vicious. B, had become a yoke, and was being used to yoke together two yearling nymphs, employed by Phœbus to draw water into the air. C, had aspired to set up for a new moon; but the mighty Sultan tumultuously angered, swept it down from the sky with a birch broom and painted it on the royal pipe. D, had been picked up by a young lady for a bow, but since it would shoot no Cupid's arrows, she cast it aside in despair. E, having been used so much, had crawled into an empty nightcap belonging to a genteel goblin of Ghostly Grove, where it had gone to sleep, and could only be awakened by applying a homeopathic incubus to the left shoulder. F, had become a crane, upon which S hung as a pot hook. G, had changed into a ribbon-stamp. H, had become a kind of chair; I, a ruler; J, (which succeeded from I) a crochet-needle; K, an hour glass; L, a carpenter's square; M, a fairy's swing; N, a gate; O, a hoop; P, a mallet; Q, was still in quest of some queer metamorphosis; R, attached to a cart's tongue, was attempting to roll ninepins; T, had tried to be a pair of scales; U, was a unicorn's shoe; V and W were overturned at a camp meeting for tents; X, was a semi-sav-horse, patented by the same inventor who had changed Y, into a pitchfork and was engaged, when the miller found him in pitching Z about among the clouds, the latter having been converted into zig-zag lightning.

The miller, on putting some questions to the letters and finding them not a little rusty in the languages, concluded to clap them into his mill and grind them. It is to be supposed for the benefit of inquiring phonologists that no one of the Alphabet experienced, in the grinding process, precisely the same sensation as another, for no sooner did the stones begin to turn than the vowels uttered various screams, while B bellowed, C chattered, D danced, F fretted, G groaned, H hallooed, J jeered, K kicked, L laughed, M mocked, N neighed, P pushed, Q quacked, R roared, S sneezed, T threatened, V vapored, W whimpered, Y yawned, and as for Z, he made a complete zany of himself.

Need it be added that the Alphabet was glad to get home again, and that the great world was ditto? Now think of it, thoughtless quill-driver, what could be done without the use of this cunning band of twenty-six, each of which may repeat itself, and in varying shapes, quite *ad infinitum* without parting with its accustomed force! As a conclusive proof that I am not reasoning idly, let me state that the three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand four hundred and eighty letters of the Bible in their reunion voted unanimously to confer upon the miller, in special consideration of his having made such speed to the scattered and demoralized literary spoil, the honorary title of Mahershalahashbaz. The Cadmean Club, also, composed of sixteen funny characters from as many prominent colleges, made our hero a present of a double-breasted coat-of-arms, comprising, in addition to sundry small hieroglyphic ornaments, a central figure of two carpenter's squares, rampant and an overstrung bow, which, if it does not really stand for L.L.D., certainly deserves to be hanged for the counterfeiter.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.

Description fails to convey a just idea of those things which powerfully affect us. They must be experienced, or they cannot be understood. Earthquakes have been described, and by the aid of fancy one may think he has knowledge beforehand of what the sensation must be, when the foundations are being shaken beneath his feet. But when he has actually felt the heaving of the solid ground, and seen the rocking of whatever man has created, and stood speechless and hopeless not knowing what will come next, he learns that language cannot represent either the feeling or the scene. We had a vivid conviction of this, when passing through the dread experience of last Wednesday. We never become accustomed to such manifestations of God's power, so that we feel no fear. We never feel how small is man, as we do when he and his works are tossed on the surface of the earth like bubbles on the ocean. Strange that the conviction of our impotence so rarely leads us to penitence for our sins, and to implore the favor of Him who thus demonstrates that He can crush us as the moth! Let not this new experience

fall of an effect so salutary, while all unite in thanksgiving for escape from calamities that might so easily have overwhelmed us.—*The Occident*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILAN.

BY REV. E. D. OTHEMAN, COMO.

I look back to Milan from the beauties of Como. Here, earth is a paradise; there, is man with his weakness, his struggles and his hopes. Nature is for repose; the city, for life and its sympathies. But let me stay a moment at the town which gives its name to the Lake. At the southern extremity, enclosed in an amphitheatre of abrupt heights which surround a short bend of the sea, Como has but a slight water prospect. It is but a way station for the traveler who seeks the charms of Bellagio, or of the section farther north. Yet you can ascend to the right or left or in front, look a little farther up the lake or upon the town. This was the birthplace of the Pilyns; it sustained wars with Milan; it has 20,000 inhabitants. The cathedral is among the best specimens of architecture in Northern Italy.

I spent the Sabbath in Como. There is a Waldensian and a free church, each numbering about thirty members. The cathedral was crowded. The highly colored pictures of Mary, of the saints, of miracles and visions, were hung on many corners of the streets for sale.

The work of evangelization began prosperously under Mr. Turin, of Milan, who, in 1860, in a large hall, preached to crowded audiences. Those of another name came, divisions arose, the populace withdrew, and progress was checked. There is harmony now, however. Mr. Salomon, the Vaudois evangelist, esteems highly his co-laborer. Mr. Salomon has studied in Scotland, and speaks English well. He was also one of Dr. Revel's first two pupils when the theological school was opened at La Tour, in 1856. The Vaudois service is held in a very neat room somewhat to one side, where a garden lies at the foot of the hill. People come down behind the shrubbery and listen, who dare not enter by the door. The congregation was mostly of workers in silk weaving, the chief business of Como. I was glad of the privilege to speak a few words of sympathy. The pastor has special encouragement in two out-stations where he preaches weekly, as has also our American organization in the visits of its colporteurs to different stations on the lake.

MILAN—ITS VIEW AND VEAL.

At Como the highland ends abruptly. Thence is the "Plain of Lombardy." Milan is distant one and a half hours by rail. The city usually receives a hasty visit of a day or two from Swiss tourists; and a stay not more prolonged from the winter sojourners in Italy. Yet it is interesting, and has two excellent libraries—the Ambrosian and the Brera. Compared with Turin, it is laid out irregularly; compared with Boston, otherwise. From its cathedral pinnacle the plain and mountain view is superb. The railway station for all travelers lying on the N. E. is an extensive and palatial structure, a more artistic specimen than that of Turin in its exterior, and corresponding with that in its arrangements for the comfort of travelers. The two stand superior among all others of the kind. In both you find restaurants equal to the best in any city. But here, as everywhere on the continent, it is to be remembered that the choice dish, or rather the dish to be chosen (which are so often two different affairs) is *veal*. Let dyspeptic Americans think what they may "concerning veal," at home, one finds that the peculiarities of beef or of mutton on the continent are such as to sustain the claims at all tables, whether French, Italian or German of the "*veau roté*," the "*vittello arrosto*," the "*kahls braten*." The table aside, you find the railway station grounds a handsomely elaborated park with smooth drives, which conduct you to one issue by the via Prince Humbart into the town. You pass here under a bridge which continues, on the elevation of the wall, a fine promenade three fourths of a mile long, between two gates, from which you partially overlook the city. Here come every evening the equipage and fashion of Milan. There are eleven gates, and the walls of perhaps seven miles extent, giving a generally circular form to the city. Without are the suburbs, or *subborgos* generally of poorer inhabitants, the *borgos* lying within the wall, between it and the canal; a distance of about one third the radius of the city. This canal marks the boundaries of the city as it was rebuilt in the twelfth century after its destruction by Frederick Barbarossa. Adjacent to the promenade above mentioned, within the wall, is the well-adorned public garden of perhaps forty acres, extent. I would not have this or any park larger than Boston Common, as I have never believed anything human higher than Bunker Hill Monument.

Before you enter the streets, believe me, "gentle reader," Milan is nearly, if not quite as clean as Turin, which is saying much. If this is not the Boston of modern Italian liberty instead of the Piedmontese capital, it has nevertheless some old claims to consideration. In 1865 it stood with its environs fifth in rank among the fifty-nine provinces of the then existing Italian kingdom for the advancement of popular education. If the Austrian government deserves any merit for the culture of this people, it had nevertheless a responsive capacity to build upon. The Austrian governmental effort was directed, however, rather to the secondary, and scarcely at all to the primary education.

HISTORICAL ITEMS.

But here an historical paragraph perhaps deserves room. Founded by a tribe of Gauls, Mediolanum was at the end of the Fourth Century the sixth city of the Roman Empire, adorned with temples, baths, theatres and statues. A century later in the western empire it was inferior only to Rome, which relation it still held in Italy till the time of Frederick. Sacked by Attila in 452, during the Inroad which occasioned the foundation of Venice, it endured also the vengeance of the Gothic King Vitiges, on account of an insurrection provoked

by its Archbishop Dazio. Thus was the dignity of Ambrose sustained after a fashion, for many ages, by a certain warlike independence of his successors in the Episcopal seat. In like manner the Archbishop opposes the brilliant though unfortunate career of Berengarius, who was the first wearer of the iron crown, calls to Milan and crowns as King of Italy, Rudolf of Burgundy, in the tenth century, though five years later he changes face and crowns the Emperor's rival, Ugo. The Archbishops were cut in large, the Princes in little figures. In these times, as they appear literally, with a certain Chinese puerility in the sculptures of Mayence Cathedral. If, notwithstanding the power of the Bishops, the people anywhere showed a spirit of dignity, it was in Milan. Great tumults arose when Landolf bought the bishopric of Otto II. because the rights of the popular election were outraged. Pacification only came by concession. Later, in the troubles excited in Lombardy by the decreed celibacy of the clergy, the Milanese distinguish themselves against their Bishops who favor concubinage. They attack one in the cathedral. They kill another.

The ecclesiastical power ruled, however, and always for itself. When the nobles, calling a diet at Parma soon after the year 1030, elected Ardo, Marquis of Iorea, an Italian, for their King, the Archbishop of Milan would have only Henry of Germany. The church has naturally ever fought against Italian nationality. The civil strife which broke forth with great force in the eleventh century was everywhere fomented by the increased worldliness of the clergy.

If Dante longed for the Emperor as a peacemaker and union-maker for Italy, and to this end preferred the German to the French sovereign, it was in another spirit that the church generally sought the same alliance. The Emperor proved often too just for the Bishops. Such was the Conrad who established the laws, which protected the people, and laid foundations for the Communes. Eriberto, of Milan, who had called him and crowned him as against Robert of France, will by no means submit to his judicial inspection, is expelled and imprisoned; but making drunk his jailor, escapes, and re-entering Milan invents the Carroccio. This was a richly adorned chariot, bearing aloft a crucifix between two white standards. This was the ark which conducted to many a triumph, and was afterwards adopted in most Italian cities.

These open wars between the cities make a sad page, and all the sadder inasmuch as they appear with the rise of Communes, the history of whose development the able Giudici has made so interesting to the modern reader. The Communes were created for protection, but they ministered too often to destruction. Their united strength was needed against the tyrannies of Emperor, Noble and Bishop; but they preferred this tyranny to union. Who mistaught them? Let the spirit of Dante answer who trembles before the she wolf, invader of the fold; while he thus bewails his land:

"Carca, misera, intorno del preda
Le tue mura. e poi ti guarda in seno,
L'alcuna parte in te di pace gode."

Even the cities of the incipient Lombard League soon fall out; Pavia, Lodi, Cremona, Milan. The latter has sharp war with Como, and subdues it to dependence.

It is the time of Guelph and Ghibelline. The Popes are full of the strife. The Lombard cities were in the earlier period mostly Guelph. The name meant more of popular liberty then; but it had the Pope also, and "what's in a name?" Witness American "Democracy." If the beloved Poet of Italy was Guelph to-day, and Ghibelline to-morrow, what wonder! especially in Florence.

Milan had considerably strengthened its republican institutions by reason of the wars between the absolute powers about investitures. It was the city next in importance to Rome. "That most strong fortress of Lombard liberty and the Guelph party," writes a historian. Not submitting willingly to the absolutism of Frederick Barbarossa, it incurs his ire. In pressing the other cities to his aid he attacks it twice, and overcoming a brave resistance razes it to the ground, leaving only the Basilica of St. Ambrose and some other churches to attest its site. Another Genserius! another Attila! A long line of sixteen beautiful Corinthian columns, standing in one of the streets are the only Roman remains of all the city's early splendor which the traveler is permitted to behold.

Thence the Lombard League. They rebuild Milan. Certain interesting sculptures commemorate this event—as figures of the Milanese returning to their city, of gateways representing the other cities out of which issue their allies. These sculptures, standing in the old Porta Romana gate till 1812 are now let into a neighboring wall. Pisa and Genoa, lost in the pursuit of commerce and wealth, refuse to join the League, but Venice is with them. They won the great battle of Legnano, 28th of May, 1176, in which I find a Milanese writing to his friend in Bologna, "Infinite is the number of the enemy slain or drowned in the Ticino, and of the prisoners. We have taken the shield of the Emperor, his banner, his cross, his lance. We have found much gold and much silver in his chest: we do not think that any one can determine the value of the enemy's spoils which have come into our hands."

The succeeding peace of Costanza settled more satisfactorily the relation of the cities to the empire; recognized the Communes in the governmental appointment of consuls, with the co-operative authority of certain magistrates elected by the people. The cities were subjected to the payment of oppressive tributes, which, reducing the resources of the nobility, compels them to a town life and freer mingling with the citizens; an occasion again for the increase of power in the clergy. Only a few great Lords, as the count of Savoy, the Marquis of Este, and the Marquis of Monterrat retain the fullness of their former distance and dignity, and come to play an important part in the subsequent strifes for dominion. The elective magistracy of the cities, later, takes the form of a single head, the *pod'eta*, who supercedes the Imperial consuls, and is municipally supreme. This office becomes the object of ambition and bitter family strifes, as witness the Montagues and Capulets at Verona. For the sake of internal peace, early in the fourteenth century the hereditary domination of a single family is accepted, as of the Della Scalas at Verona, the Polentas

at Ravenna, the Viscontis and the Sforzas at Milan. The Viscontis retain the favor of the Emperor, get possession, one after another of the neighboring cities, and in 1392 Gian Galeazzo Visconti buys of the Emperor Meneclaus for 100,000 gold ducats the title of Duke of Milan, his dominion embracing nearly the limit of the former Lombard League. He had married the daughter of the King of France. His own daughter, Valentina, married the Duke of Orleans, brother to Charles IV., and on the failure of male heirs in the family the King of France claims the Duchy as his right, and Austria as its def. Whence the great battles on the plain of Lombardy until this day.

On the death, however, of the tyrannical Filippo Maria Visconti, in 1440, the city after a brief attempt at self-government passed with the Dukedom into the power of Francesco Sforza, a distinguished soldier and worthy ruler. He was connected distantly by marriage with the former house. Later, Ludovico Sforza, not heir to the dignity, usurped it. He was called Il Moro; and was distinguished for his tyranny, hated by the cities of the Dukedom, and Milan was taken from him by Louis XII., of France, in 1490. Milan had at this period attained great prosperity. It set the fashion to the rest of Europe, hence the word *milliner*. It was celebrated for its manufactures not only of dress and ornaments, but also of armor.

"Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel."

The Sforzas were again in power. The German Emperor bends every effort to maintain them. The struggle is fiercer than ever. "At any cost the French allied with the Venetians will have the Dukedom; at any cost the Emperor, the Spaniards with the Swiss troops will forbid its conquest." The French King is victorious at Morignano in 1513. Venice repairs the great losses of territory it had formerly sustained. But then comes Charles V. and the decisive battle of Pavia. Francis is a prisoner. By the peace of Cambray in 1529 he renounces Italy. The Sforza is Duke of Milan under allegiance to the empire and Charles goes in triumph to be crowned at Rome. Of course Milan becomes then a Spanish Duchy, and we find its government (not its people) engaged in that dark Spanish conspiracy for the utter destruction of the city of Venice in 1606. A succession of wars and treaties. But the Duchy is ever Austro-Spanish, now losing and now recovering various portions of its territory, until 1796.

Milan was the first point sought in the tactic. Napoleon who entered the city triumphantly after the affair of "the bridge of Lodi," laid the foundations of a republican government, by the peace of Campoformio establishes the Cisalpine Republic, which later assumes a more consolidated form embracing Milan, Mantua, Modena, Ferrara, Bologna, Ravenna, organized after the model of the French Republic. Venice, alas! has fallen. But Napoleon in Egypt, Suarrows' successes re-establish the old government in Lombardy. Napoleon in Italy, Marengo re-organizes all. The empire of 1804, while it reaches into departments much of northern Italy changes the Cisalpine Republic to the kingdom of Italy. Napoleon taking to himself at Milan the crown and this additional title. In 1814 by the Congress of Vienna the King of Sardinia returns to his States to which the Ligurian Republic is added; the Grand Duke to Tuscany, the Pope to Rome. Maria Louisa has the Duchies of Parma; Murat retains Naples, and Ferdinand Sicily. Milan, Mantua and the States that had appertained to Venice go to the dominion of Austria. In 1848 Milan with the other cities rises, but notwithstanding the early successes of Charles Albert, of Piedmont, is reduced by the victory of Radetsky at Novara. In 1859, after Magenta, Victor Emanuel is met by a deputation from Milan, and promising the constitution of 1848 is joyfully welcomed to the city.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

EMINENT WOMEN OF THE AGE. Hartford: S. M. Betts & Co. The Women's Hour, this is called. Messrs. Betts are preparing for it by giving us the women of the hour. The best male pens are set to work at these best of female portraits, and the beauty of the subject is made more beautiful with the natural zeal of the painter. Parton, Higginson, Tilton, Abbott, Greeley, are among the writers, with a slight sprinkling of female pens, such as Fanny Fern and Grace Greenwood. The subjects are well known, and fourteen fine steel portraits add the pencil-painter's skill to his of the pen. Some of the sketches are very finely drawn. The first place we should give to Fanny Fern's biography of Gail Hamilton, or rather to Gail Hamilton's biography of herself; for her own dash at her own canvas is one of the best because most unconscious portraits. But Fanny adds to her own likeness fitting postscript in which she lets the cat a little out of the bag which Gail eloquently protests shall never be uncovered. She says "she is unmarried, a Calvinist, and an authoress from choice." How can she be a "Calvinist from choice." If of that dogma, it must be by decree and not of choice, otherwise the dogma is not true. She also tells us that "she had three cats, rode to the mill in an old wagon,—probably that in which Mr. Dana now does his perambulations about his farm, and did other like memorable things. Tilton's portrait of Mrs. Stanton is a forcible picture of a born reformer, who was justly indignant that her father, Judge Cady, kept saying to her in her hot ambitious youth, "You should have been a boy." She means to have proved herself and Providence right by bringing up all the girls to a level with the boys. She is a good way ahead of most of them. Like Lucy Stone, she essayed to follow her brother to college, but was stopped because she was a girl. Unlike her she submitted to fate, and went mad to Mrs. Willard's; Lucy pushed from Wilbraham out to Oberlin, and obtained as good a college education as the rest. In the sketch of Mrs. Stanton there is a reflection on Finney's preaching that is hardly true. Because he proclaimed the terrors of the law, he says, "Such preaching does incalculable harm to the souls it seeks to save." If so then Christ's terrible discourses on the Last Judgment and the punishment of hell did "incalculable harm to the souls he sought to save." Souls need these truths. If uttered solemnly, sweetly and sadly they will never harm any that hear, but be blessed of God to the salvation of many. They should be much oftener

preached than they are. Lucy Stone, as the real mother of the movement,—we cannot properly say "father," ought to have had her portrait and separate life. Many of the pictures are common and well-known; Victoria's, for instance, and Eugene's, and the chiefest celebrities are generally unpenciled. It is an interesting and valuable book, and will have a wide and long circulation.

SERMONS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER. Two Vols. octavo, Harper Bros. This is a mere dribble from a seemingly exhaustless river, that runs always full and always from the freshest of mountain springs. Mr. Beecher will undoubtedly be the historic American preacher of this generation. We wish that his sermons a little more fully expressed all the great truths of Christianity. Perhaps all are dashed forth, but the central needs of the soul and the central fulness of Christ as a Saviour and Sanctifier and Satisfier are less persistently presented than minor and collateral themes.

He thinks Boston is cold. A little of that chilliness pervades his works. They have a streak of east wind in all their sunshine. Yet he is a devout believer at the root and in his pages one can always find the wells of salvation. These volumes, though largely extemporaneous, are vividly put, and the pictures often stand forth as perfect as Raphael's. They will be a memorial of the greatest name in the annals of American pulpit oratory. Were they more carefully wrought out and worked down, and all the unpicturesque parts cut out they would be surer of immortality. As it is they will rather suggest his greatness than reveal it.

THE PEARL OF PARABLES, by Rev. Dr. Hamilton, (Robert Carter & Bros.), is the last and best of the eloquent talks of this long famous preacher on the Prodigal Son. It would be a charming gift to any wayward boy.

GLEANING AMONG THE SHEAVES, (Sheldon & Co.), is a pretty little volume of bits from Spurgeon's sermons. They are replete with originality, finery and piety. No prettier or better gem for minor Christmas gifts will come into the holiday market.

APPLETON'S JUVENILE ANNUAL for 1869, Appletons. The "Annual" fashion has gone out of date. It is coming in again for children. This is a good beginning. It has none of the antique love stories, but abounds in travels, histories, and thrilling events, with an abundance of pictures. For a boy's or girl's book, no one of the season will surpass it in beauty or interest.

Blackwood for November (A. Williams & Co.), has two stories: a review on Lewes' History of Philosophy, semi-complimentary, and more than semi-interesting. A wall over the separation of Church and State, in which it is feared if such a catastrophe shall happen, a Mormon may be king of England. If reports are true, the next king of England will be more than a Mormon, for the Mormon at least recognizes and supports in state all his wives. England has had a good many Mormons on her throne, Henry Eighth, Charles II., George IV., even William III. She is also in danger of having Mohammedans, it fears, in Parliament. That is the danger of no Church and State unity. It gives the power often to the ungodly. But Christ's kingdom can bear that test, and will grow the stronger the more it is thrown upon itself.

PAMPHLETS.—A rapidly accumulating pile of pamphlets claims our attention; they are falling on our table like snowflakes. We will first take those which refer to educational matters. The catalogue of Middlebury College for 1868-9, shows a list of sixty-five students, and a faculty of eight professors, of whom Rev. H. D. Kitchel, D.D., is president. The medical school of Bowdoin College has issued its catalogue. It exhibits a large and able faculty, and a long list of students and graduates. The Northwestern University Catalogue demonstrates that institution to be in a flourishing condition having two hundred and five students and twelve members of the faculty. The Twenty-fourth Annual Catalogue of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College for 1868 is a neat work, and exhibits a prosperous condition of affairs in that institution. The faculty embrace the names of Rev. L. D. Barrows, D.D., president; Rev. G. J. Judkins, A.M.; Sylvester Dixon, A.M.; Rev. J. E. Robins, A.B.; C. M. Gilnes; Miss M. Hastings, Miss S. J. Merrill, Miss E. J. Barrows, Mrs. M. D. Emery, Miss A. C. Cochran. It has a total of 292 students. Lawrence University, Wisconsin, has 279 students, with the following faculty: Rev. G. M. Steele, D.D.; H. A. Jones, A.M.; Rev. N. Stowers, A.M.; J. C. Foye, A.M.; A. Schindelmesser; Miss S. E. Peirce, Mrs. E. M. Jones, H. L. Grant, L. J. Nash, W. J. Lander, C. R. Estabrook, A. A. Stevens, H. A. Jones, J. M. Phinney, A.M.

Fourth and Fifth Annual Reports of the Board of Directors and Treasurers of the Theological and Religious Library Association of Cincinnati. This library contains 3,517 volumes.

The Seventy-second Annual Report of the Boston Dispensary shows that this excellent city charity has maintained its ancient reputation the past year. The number of patients since July, 1856, has been 232,880; number of recipes during the year, 58,011; average daily attendance during the year, 102.—St. Stephen's Chapel Report of the Mission to the Poor shows that Rev. E. M. P. Wells is as active as of old in this great field of Christian usefulness. The expenditure for the past year has been \$8,465 96.—According to the Fifth Annual Report of the Temporary Asylum for Discharged Female Prisoners, Dedham, Mass., there are in the institution now fifteen inmates; whole number the past year one hundred and fourteen.—The Report of the House of the Angel Guardian exhibits what has been done for the stray waifs that get into the Roman Catholic web. Two hundred and twenty-one boys were admitted from May, 1867, to May, 1868, and the whole number since 1851, 4021.

Publications Received since our Last.

From J. P. Shelby & Co.—Patty Barker; Mary Morse and her Friends. From H. A. Young & Co.—Paul and Margaret. Dodd: The Orphan's Triumph; Geneva's Shield. From Gould & Lincoln.—Inauguration of Dr. McCosh. From Lee and Shepard.—Japhet in Search of a Father, King's Own, Marryatt, Appletons; Home Stories, Haven; Appleton's Juvenile Annual; Appleton's Cheap Dickens—Our actual Friend, etc.; lectures and Stories of Animals, Sheldon & Co.; Landmarks of History, 2 vols., Yonge, Laybold & Holt; Madame de Beausieu.

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TO THE MINISTERS OF THE M. E. CONFERENCES.

We have nearly completed our work of sending the accounts of subscribers. These will show how many copies of THE HERALD are taken, and those who are still delinquent. It is time that our agents were well at work, and we most earnestly appeal to every minister to work faithfully for THE HERALD. Our ministers have made it what it is, and should make it a still greater power in our land. We are encouraged to hope for a great increase in our subscription list. There are few places in which the list cannot be doubled. No one should neglect this work until January, but begin it now, and continue until there has been made a thorough canvass. We trust money will be sent with the names, thus saving us much perplexity.

A brother writing from Maryland, says: "ZION'S HERALD has been received, and has the true ring in it. We need a better radical education down in these parts, and I have concluded to add this paper to my list."

PIANO FORTES.—Hallett, Davis & Co.'s piano fortes are now offered as a premium for new subscribers, on the most liberal terms. \$1.50 for each new subscriber at \$2.50, in payment for any of Hallett, Davis & Co.'s pianos. If a sufficient number of subscribers cannot be obtained to secure a piano, the balance can be paid in cash. In our large towns and cities a piano can in this way be secured by an earnest effort. The prices of Hallett, Davis & Co.'s pianos range from \$400 to \$700.

MR. FROTHINGHAM ON MR. PARKER.

The biographies of eminent persons are sometimes written by their sons, though it is generally considered that such nearness of kin prevents perfect fairness of treatment. Mr. Frothingham holds this relation to Mr. Parker. He is the eldest son, the chief of a somewhat large family. In him, more than in any other of his brethren, the leading trait of their father culminates. His portrait, therefore, would necessarily be warmly and partially colored. It was put before the Fraternity audience in a lecture of much literary merit on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. Frothingham is a man near the fifties, of cultured, clerical ways, above the medium height, slim of build, with a good intellectual face, not sicklied o'er, though having the pale cast of thought. He gave Theodore Parker in two parts, and put into one, two lectures in idea and even in structure. Each occupied about an hour, and were not less different in treatment than in delivery. The first was after the usual lecture sort, and gave a fair, and, for the most part, correct portrait of Mr. Parker as a reformer. It made his highest trait in this department to be character. He was a mountain that mediated—it is hard to keep mediation out of the most rationalistic creeds—between the stars of genius and the masses of men, frowning upon this side, smiling upon that. He was like the seasons in the variety of his moods, soft as June and stern as January, according to the claims of the cause he befriended or opposed. He was the slave of no reform which he advocated; he upheld temperance and opposed the Maine Law, favored the cause of the poor and denounced the Society

for the Prevention of Pauperism, advocated reform and rejoiced when the Reform School was burned down, urged emancipation and considered the negro as only an "equatorial grasshopper." And yet the orator claimed that he advocated the immediate enfranchisement of these "grasshoppers," a doubtful claim, and not consistent even with his inconsistency. This true portraiture shows how feeble was the principle of reform in him. Every real reformer sees and grasps the whole of his work. Compare Phillips and Garrison in their opinion of the negro; Neal Dow and all truly temperance reformers, in their treatment of this question, with this "backing and filling" of Theodore Parker. They knew in what they believed. His heart was in another world than that of reform.

This character as a reformer was secondary to the biographer, as well as his subject. The change from the first lecture to the second was as marked in its quality of style and delivery as in its contents. The first was written and spoken indifferently, the last with passionate fervor of word and manner. He premised it with a confession of the inappropriateness of the theme to the lecture room, but defended himself by the authority of the lecture committee. He declared that all Mr. Parker's literary and reformatory works were side issues. They were taken up as exigencies of the hour, from which he hoped and longed to escape to the field in which his soul delighted—religion. In this statement he confirms the position taken in a sermon published in THE HERALD on Mr. Parker at the time of his death. Mr. Parker cared but little more for reform than for the "Maine Law" or "the equatorial grasshoppers." He accepted these as floats to his life thought and life work. Mr. Frothingham essayed to show that religion had died out of the public mind and heart, and that Parker was a Luther sent of God for its revivification; though Luther clung closely to the Bible and his Saviour, Mr. Parker sought to abolish both. In arranging his statement of this position, he indulged in the largest freedom of speech concerning the Christian faith and the Christian church. He characterized her as being sold, when Parker arose, to dishonesty, vanity of wealth, slavery, and every social curse. He declared that it had abandoned human society, and, taking her station on the verge of time and space, was employed in giving passports across the river of death to all who would acknowledge her creed and claims. He forgot to say how he and Mr. Parker differed from the church chiefly in abandoning the passport system entirely, or rather in giving free passes to all who seek that ferrige. He acknowledged the severity of Mr. Parker's assaults on Christian faith. "His business was to break down; not idols but the deities (?) of Christendom, sacraments, scriptures, creeds, the symbols of truth and emblems of beauty."

Mr. Parker declared that he was the pioneer of a religion that would rule the world for the next thousand years. This was the only free religion of to-day. The speaker set forth his own creed in setting forth that of his idol. In describing how full of God Parker sought to make everything, he said, "We had to man our life-boats to escape the Pantheistic flood." They have hardly escaped that flood. In fact they never manned or used the only life-boat that can ride it. That boat Parker had destroyed, or thought he had, and his worshippers found themselves sinking in a bottomless gulf. "He built," he said, "everlasting homes out of sentiments and dreams." "As a dream when one awaketh, so O Lord, when thou awakest wilt thou despise their image," which is itself a dream, and of such stuff as dreams are made of. He contended that Parker built, as well as broke down; but the most of a building which he had yet achieved was a log hut. Such a hut will hardly stand a thousand years. Christ Jesus, whose religion Mr. Parker, by the concession of his ablest admirer, expected to replace with his own, left no log hut tenement for the soul. His mansion from the start was solid, eternal, divine. This lecture showed that Mr. Parker, apart from his position, was not a wonderful man. Dr. Warren's statement, in his sermon on his death, that there were five hundred men in America his equals, and that it was only by breasting the current that he became renowned, received practical confirmation from the review of Mr. Frothingham. Emerson was a star hung in the heavens; Parker a hill, more or less lofty, rising from the earth, and rivaled, if not surpassed, by neighboring peaks. It also showed that his chief thought, feeling and work was his religion; that in this he was the representative of the radical and ruling thought in the non-evangelical world of to-day; that he bitterly assailed every article of Christian faith and life, because they stood in the way of his opinions; that he denied any mediator, any sin, as such, any Saviour, any especial Scriptures of God, every cardinal doctrine of the Christian religion; that he expected to overtop Christ, and probably

Buddha, in the next millennium; and that he succeeded in building a log hut which poorly shelters a homeless crowd, and is instantly swept away in the floods of death.

The fitness of such a lecture to a literary course is not for us to consider. It would be an appropriate offset if the Committee would now invite Dr. Manning to speak on John Brown, and devote an hour of his two to the statement and defense of old school Presbyterian faith. That name was received with louder applause than any reference to Mr. Parker. If the audience had known that it was the eve of the anniversary of the day of his martyrdom they would have made the hall echo with their cheers. So would they have acknowledged the infinite superiority of his faith, a faith which made his dying month—for all that time was he virtually on his death bed—the most glorious death couch that America ever knew. How that clear, glowing faith, the sun filling the whole heavens, the sun of a Perfect Christ, love for the downcast slave and outcast Afric-American, love for the Saviour, love for the Bible, love for his enemies, towers above the intense malignity of hate to Christ, the Bible and the church that fills the dying "Letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society." How sublime the setting sun of the martyr; how sad the speechless, or worse than speechless experience of the parting soul of this son of the Puritans, who more than all others defied their faith. What made the contrast? The one was the follower, close and complete, of the Lord Jesus Christ; the other the disciple, close and complete, of his own "sentiments and dreams." His bravest liegemen may shatter Christless bodies with his battle-axe of Pantheism, they only strengthen and raise loftier the walls of the eternal church and its Divine Creator.

DR. LABAN CLARK.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND METHODISM.

The death of this Methodist veteran has been so long expected that the event hardly takes the church by surprise. It occurred at Middletown, Conn., on Saturday, Nov. 29th, in his ninety-first year. He has lingered in the gates of our Zion, one of her most venerable patriarchs, pre-eminently one of those of the New York East Conference.

But though a pillar of the old New York Conference, and later, of its eastern division, he was legitimately a New England man, and belongs to our local history; a biography of him would be, to no small extent, a history of the church in Western New England, and especially of our University, to which he devoted his latter years with tireless energy. He was born in New England (at Haverhill, N. H.), in 1778, emigrated with his family to the wilderness of Vermont, (Bradford) in his early childhood, and was brought up after the strictest order of the old Calvinistic faith and discipline. There was, however, a sort of instinctive liberality (not to say liberalism) about his generous soul, which made him revolt, in his youth, from the rigorous puritanic theology of the times. He even refused, at last, to hear the narrow Calvinistic preaching of his parish, and was rebuked by his father as a "heathen." Methodism penetrated Vermont early enough to save him from a worse reaction, perhaps from downright infidelity. The history of its entrance into Vermont, and of its early struggles there, is full of interest. Long before the itinerants reached the State, a Wesleyan family by the name of Peckett, came from England and settled in Bradford. They were noted, among their scattered neighbors for their simple, fervent, and joyous piety, and also for what was deemed their dangerous heresy, in believing in "free salvation;" for they were Methodist Arminians, and Arminianism was, in that day, the horror of New England, next to Popery itself. They had in their cottage the works of Wesley and Fletcher, and young Laban Clark got hold of these books, and found in them the very theology his soul thirsted for. The conversation of Mrs. Peckett, especially, enlightened and guided him in his first inquiries. She was an extraordinary woman, like so many others whose religious life had developed under the personal guidance of Wesley. As late as 1800 Jesse Lee, in passing through Vermont, wrote:

I preached in Bradford. We had prayer meeting at night. There I saw old Sister Peckett, who formerly lived in Mr. Wesley's family, in London. She came to America, and settled where she now lives, in the State of Vermont. She was, for a great number of years, deprived of the privilege of hearing the Methodists preach, for we had no preacher in that part of the world. Yet the Lord spared her to see an answer to her many prayers, and the gospel is now preached in her neighborhood by the Methodists, and the Lord has done wonders by their ministry already.

This venerable lady had an important instrumentality in the introduction of Methodism into Vermont. Her house was a home for the first Methodist itinerants who entered that State. She had not only been housekeeper to Wesley, but a "bandmate" of Miss Bosanquet, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, of Madely.

She was deeply versed in Christian experience, and her religious influence was most salutary. Not only Laban Clark, but Martin Ruter, and others among our primitive ministry, who were raised up in Vermont, found her a mother in Israel, and received from her much of their early religious guidance. Her name is precious in our annals, and she deserves a monument in Vermont as the first of its Methodists.

Laban Clark's biography, as we have said, would be a history of our western New England Methodism, and as we design this article to be more general than personal, we must be indulged in a few more historical facts, which, however, are necessary to his personal record.

John Langdon (another precious and historic name in Vermont) had much to do in young Clark's early religious career. He was a native of South Wilbraham, Mass., but early removed to Vershire, Vt. He also was dissatisfied with the prevalent theology, and longed for better light. After many fruitless efforts to find a people with whom he could agree in opinion and unite in fellowship, he gave up the search in despair; but as he entered his house one day, his wife informed him that she had received a letter from her father, (Deacon Ashley, of Springfield), and that he had sent them a book. John answered, "I am glad to have a letter from him; but I don't want his book, for I suppose it contains his Calvinism." "No, I think not," she replied; "He writes something I do not understand," and handed him the letter. John read the letter, and then took up the book and read till interrupted by tears of joy. He said, "This man writes just as I have believed." He then turned again to the letter, which stated that a new sect of preachers had visited them, called Methodists; that they went out two and two like the apostles, traveled circuits, and preached free salvation to all men. Taking up the book he read again; and after reading a while, he sprang upon his feet and exclaimed, "If there is such a people under heaven I will find them!"

We can hardly conceive in this day of unshackled thought, of the bondage, the despondence, which such wrestling minds felt under the Calvinistic dogmas, before Methodism came into the country with its proclamation of universal redemption, and free, immediate, and conscious salvation. John Langdon was now determined to find these wandering evangelists, at whatever sacrifice. He heard of a Quarterly Meeting, to be held far off, in Connecticut, and hastened over two hundred miles to it. The singing, the prayers, the powerful preaching, all in a private house, struck him with delightful wonder. He became a Methodist, and besought the brethren to send forthwith a preacher to Vermont. After his return he repeated his request and sent to the New York Conference for an itinerant. At last Nicholas Snethen (the famous "radical") was sent—the first Methodist preacher that penetrated the State; for Joshua Hall, who had been previously appointed to it, did not reach it. And now the itinerants followed one another rapidly thither. Laban Clark heard one of them by the name of Williston, in Langdon's house, at Vershire, and was thoroughly awakened. At a class meeting, held soon after, he received the "witness of the Spirit" that he was accepted of God. The class was now permanently organized, and Methodism had fairly begun its history in Vermont. The good Peckett family, the Langdon's, an old Irish Methodist, "Father Braden" and his family, at Lunenburg, and others, formed the nucleus of all the subsequent Methodism of the State.

Clark began to exhort, as was the custom in those days of the "working church." Langdon, who had become a local preacher (probably the first in the State) took him out on "evangelical expeditions," and away they went around the country, Langdon preaching and Clark exhorting after him. They formed societies and thus was founded, for the itinerants, the renowned old Landaff Circuit. Rosebrook Crawford, another exhorter, joined them in this campaign. They encountered mobs, and were sometimes in peril of their lives. The rabble shrunk from Langdon, who was a gigantic man, and Clark, who was as sturdy as oak; but they caught Crawford, and "ducked" him in the river at Lancaster.

In 1800 the ever memorable John Brodhead was Presiding Elder on a district which extended from Long Island Sound into Vermont; he held a Quarterly Meeting at Vershire. Clark, accompanied by his young friend, Martin Ruter, who had now become a Methodist, attended the meeting. Brodhead's sermon struck the congregation with such power that "scores fell to the earth like men slain in battle." He sent Ruter out to a circuit from that meeting—the beginning of a memorable career, which ended in a missionary grave in Texas. Clark was, not long after, summoned by Brodhead to the itinerant field. He traveled till the

next New York Conference, and, riding three hundred and forty miles on horseback, to the session, was relieved on probation. Thus began his long and effective ministerial life.

It would be tedious to enumerate his many appointments. It is sufficient to say that they began with a New England circuit, that most of the subsequent ones were in New England, and that his long retirement, in a green old age has been in New England. We therefore rightfully claim him as a representative man of eastern Methodism.

He was one of the founders of the Missionary Society of the church, and, it is said, "initiated" that institution, by a resolution in the New York Preachers' Meeting, in 1819. He was also one of the founders of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. No man ever took greater interest in the fate of that enterprise; his devotion to it never wavered even in its darkest fortunes, and he made his home at Middletown that he might live and die near this favorite object of his affection. He was in many General Conferences, and wielded a powerful, but always genial influence in his own Annual Conference. Notwithstanding a singularly defective voice, he was an effective preacher. His memory was tenacious, and crowded with general knowledge, which rendered his conversation very entertaining, and he fondly loved to talk. He was unimpassioned; not humorous, but uniformly cheery and affable; inexorably but tranquilly pertinacious of his opinions. He was an invincible democrat of the "old school," and events of the last few years seemed to bewilder the good old man with astonishment, but could not shake the firmness of his obsolete politics. His Christian character was of the purest style; fervent but bland, steady, serene, and blameless to the end. Even his political proclivities caused no irritating disturbance to his singularly equable temper. He saw the church and most of its great undertakings which he had helped to found, attain an unparalleled success, and has departed in a good time to join his old fellow laborers and fellow sufferers of the itinerancy in the church triumphant.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The British Parliamentary elections took place during the 3d and 4th weeks of November, beginning on the 16th. The issue of the contest between the Liberals and the Tories had been looked for with considerable interest, because the battle was the first one fought after the passage of the new Reform Bill, by which about a million of voters had been added to the electoral lists of the old aristocratical country. The conclusion had been drawn, as well by some Englishmen as by many Americans, that this change, so comprehensive in its nature, had democratized the politics of the British Empire; but the conclusion was too hasty, besides which, sufficient allowance was not made for the thousand and one disturbing causes that prevent the political stream from flowing straightly and smoothly from source to sea. No error is more common than this, men assuming that in politics everything is clear and simple, and that political events proceed with the precision and certainty of a scientific demonstration; whereas politics are turbid and involved, and their events are governed or colored by innumerable petty influences, few of which are apparent on the surface of things. The idea that the English would act democratically because an opportunity thus to act had been afforded them, must have proceeded from men not having sufficiently considered how intensely conservative Englishmen are, and that they change slowly. Their action justifies the remark of one of the greatest of their countrymen, that Time is the greatest of innovators,—and Time hastens slowly, but works thoroughly.

The British Parliament that was chosen in 1865, and which was dissolved last month, had a Liberal majority of about seventy in the House of Commons. The fact that a Tory Ministry had existed for considerably more than two years seems to have created the impression that the Liberals were in a minority in the Commons, judging from remarks that are made concerning the recent Liberal victory at the Parliamentary elections. That victory is spoken of as if it had changed the political character of the House of Commons; whereas, at the most, it has only increased the strength of the party which has had possession of the popular branch of Parliament for years. The Liberals, could they have agreed among themselves, might have had control of the government; but they could not agree as to who of their number should hold office, and so they permitted the Tories to hold it. The November elections were to decide whether this state of things was to continue. Had the Tories succeeded at those elections, the Disraeli Ministry would have taken a long lease of power; while a Liberal victory would

open the way to the return of Mr. Gladstone to office,—provided the victors could agree upon a definite line of action, which they had found impossible for almost three years. Victory is with the Liberals, and decisively so. The question then is, will they be able to combine their large forces in the Commons, and support Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister? According to some accounts, it is an understood thing that Mr. Gladstone is to have the Premiership, and that all will be smooth sailing with him and his friends. Other accounts say that he is not more popular now with certain sections of the Liberal party than he was when he was forced to retire from office in 1866, though his party had seventy majority in the governing body of the empire. We shall not have to wait long for the settlement of this point. The British Parliament will meet on the 10th of December. Perhaps the new Ministry may not have Mr. Gladstone for its head, though he would not fail to be one of its members. The chances, however, are in his favor, and there is a general belief that Mr. Disraeli's rival should be Mr. Disraeli's successor. If the Gladstonians are right in saying that their chief is popular, Premier he must become; and all the opposition that discontented aristocrats might make to his elevation would only serve to make that elevation the more complete and striking. Mr. Gladstone cannot be said to belong to the aristocratical classes. His father was a merchant, and the son was trained to public life.

There is considerable resemblance between the position of Mr. Gladstone and that held by the second Sir Robert Peel. The latter was chief of the aristocratical Tories, though he was the son of a manufacturer; and Mr. Gladstone, though the son of a merchant is, nominally at least, chief of the Liberals, many of whom are as aristocratical as the most extreme Tories. If these aristocratical Whigs submit to Mr. Gladstone, they will do so with as much reluctance as the ultra Tories submitted to the ascendancy of Sir Robert Peel. They will submit because they will see that resistance is useless. All will depend upon the extent of Mr. Gladstone's popularity with the great body of the Liberal party. If he has the hearts of the Liberals of what are called the middle and the lower classes, he will command the minds of the upper classes of that party. Should the aristocrats be able to have their way, probably they would not object to seeing high office conferred on Mr. Gladstone; but the highest office—the Premiership—they would demand for one of their own number, even if he should not have a tenth part as much talent as Mr. Gladstone possesses. Such a course would be in accordance with their traditions and practices, to which they tenaciously adhere. It is certain that the existence of the last Derby Ministry, and that of the Disraeli Ministry, must be attributed to the dislike which certain Liberals felt for Mr. Gladstone, and who saw that if the Russell-Gladstone Ministry were allowed to carry out its programme, Earl Russell would be succeeded by his most distinguished associate. When the firm of Russell and Gladstone shall be dissolved, the business would be continued and carried on by Mr. Gladstone alone. They did not like the prospect, and hence the side blow under which the last Liberal Ministry fell. The matter now to be decided is this—whether Mr. Gladstone has so far succeeded in conquering the prejudices of certain members of his own party as to be able to take possession of the government, with the prospect of being able to keep it in his hands for some years? If he has, then the Liberals have won a great victory. If he has not, then their condition is not essentially different from what it was during the time of the last Parliament. Apparently he stands much better than he did in 1865-68, and will begin the year 1869 as chief of a strong government. What there may be beneath the smooth surface of British politics, calculated to lessen the firmness of his position, is more than a distant observer can undertake to say. We have seen too many powerful parties break down to have a very deep faith in the success of any party in times like ours, when men claim the right to judge for themselves, and when the yoke of faction is very apt to gall necks that once would have worn it, if not with content, at least in silence.

The precise majority of the Liberals in the new House of Commons it is not possible to state, but it may be put down at not less than 100,—and probably it is not less than 110.

BOSTON ART NOTES.

It requires a tolerably thorough education in art to appreciate at their true value, and with accurate discrimination, the productions of our painters and sculptors; for, very often, a pleasant subject or brilliant coloring serves to hide from an unpractised eye the most faulty execution, and the grossest violations of the truth as it exists in external nature. George L. Brown, for example, is unquestionably the greatest landscape painter, Church alone excepted, now living in America;

and yet seven out of every ten who see Bierstadt's pictures—most of them, in reality, only resplendent drop curtains—regard the theatrical artist as the greater man of the two. The subtle poetic beauties of Brown's paintings refuse to reveal themselves all at once to any one, or at all to a gross mind; whereas Bierstadt, and a host of lesser painters, by their coarse and gaudy splendors, arrest the attention and win the instant admiration of the uncultured multitude. But Brown's pictures gain favor with age, while Bierstadt's reputation is sure to decline. We cite these names as representative illustrations.

Our wealthy readers, therefore, should not trust to their own judgment in buying oil paintings, unless they have had ample time and opportunities to master the mysteries of art. But there is one department of art in which, excepting for the merely mechanical part of it, every one, rich and poor, can justly and alone discriminate for himself. It is in pictures for the home. Here, the subject is of the first importance; and an honest dealer in prints may be implicitly trusted to give disinterested advice with respect to the value of the picture as a work of art.

The heads of families should regard it as a duty to make their homes attractive in every way; not alone—although of course chiefly—by beauty of life, but by beauty of adornment as well. A beautiful home is a most powerful civilizer; it teaches youth, quietly and constantly, to despise the ghastly attractions of the bar room and the billiard saloon. There is no place like home to a healthy mind, even be it ever so homely; but when home is rendered charming of itself—altogether apart from its associations—it is a far more efficient ally of purity. It has been aptly said that no house is a beautiful home without pictures. Books of a single open page, they teach silently, always and to the most docile of all pupils, because they fascinate by their beauty, while they quietly inculcate their lofty ethics; for no true work of art is aimless, or aims only to please the eye of the looker on. People who crave works of art or artistic adornments for their homes, but who complain that they cannot afford to buy them, are ignorant of the progress of modern science, which has substituted for old aristocratic prerogatives democratic rights in art, as well as in politics and in literature. Once, only rich men could afford to have books; now, Homer may be bought by a few hours' labor by every mechanic. Once, none but the rich could afford to own a copy of a great painting; to-day, the forms and compositions of the chief masterpieces of art are placed within the reach of all by engravings and lithographs and photographs; and even the colors are rendered, in many cases with almost absolute fidelity, by the wonderful process of chromo-lithography. No man who smokes at all does not spend more money every year in tobacco than would enable him to adorn his home with exquisite works of art. The money spent on meretricious ornaments of personal adornment alone—we do not speak of comely apparel, which in itself is beautiful and refining—would make the homes of America the most comely of all the homes of Christendom.

We spent an hour, the other day, in examining Mr. Elliot's teeming portfolios; and certainly there is no greater pleasure to be found in Boston. He has the largest collection of lithographs, oil-prints, chromos and engravings in America; every ancient and every modern master is represented in his stock. His store is 322 Washington Street.

Oil prints are the cheapest colored pictures that it will pay to frame. Colored woodcuts are only fit for children. Le Blond's little oval oil-prints, and Baxter's larger square oil-prints are pictures engraved on copper, and very prettily colored. There is a peculiar softness and harmony of color, a delicacy of execution and clearness of detail in them, which betoken the utmost skill and care in their preparation, and a perfection in the fixing and blending of tints that can only be reached by long and costly experiments. These oil-prints are within the reach of the poorest.

Of colored steel engravings Mr. Elliot has quite a fine variety; but we confess that we are prejudiced against them. Engravings are seldom colored until they are so worn out as to be worthless.

American lithographs are commonly miserable failures; but such lithographs as the "Dresden Gallery series," Calame's landscapes, Frere's pictures, and the French sets, entitled, "The Modern School," and "Celebrated Contemporaries," are executed in the highest style of art, and are charming compositions—far superior in every way to nine tenths of American steel engravings.

Chromo-lithographs, so popular now, are largely produced by the Germans, English and Italians; altogether the finest landscape chromos, as well as the finest figure pieces in water colors, are produced by the English. Most of these are marvels of tender coloring, and are so perfect that it needs the eye of an artist to discover that they are not originals. Mr. Elliot has a splendid collection of these chromos, conspicuous among which are Turner's gorgeous pictures; Rowbotham's massive mountain views; Payne's "Wind-or Castle," remarkable for its delicate atmospheric effects; Richardson's "Lago Maggiore," and "Wetterhorn," and Perley's "Loch Vennachar." No one should buy a number of chromos without first examining the English as well as the American publications; and a large collection of both issues, as well as of German and Italian prints, are to be found at Mr. Elliot's. We cannot say that we admire the German chromos; they are bricky in color, for the most part, and utterly lacking in sentiment. As engravers of home pictures, the Germans are happy; but as colorists—no! The Italians, however, are quite happy in their rendering of home scenes in chromo.

We have not space enough left to notice the great wealth of engravings that we have often lovingly looked over at Mr. Elliot's. A good engraving never tires. There are many subjects that are better rendered in white and black than in a variety of colors; Ary Scheffer's pictures, for instance, would be spoiled by color; their pure, spiritual beauty would vanish at the touch of the brush. We say this with full knowledge of the fact that the originals are oil paintings. But we do not hesitate to prefer, as an expression of the idea, Lecompte's engraving of Dante and Beatrice to the original

painting in the Athenaeum. "If this be treason, make the most of it!" Faed's touching home scenes, too—Faed is the Burns or Beranger among modern artists—are better in engravings than they would be in color.

We cannot, however, at the end of an article begin an essay on engravings. We only desire to advise our readers to adorn their homes; and, in selecting pictures, to suit their own taste in the subjects, and to get a variety of subjects—some scriptural, for example, some historical, some home scenes, some chromos, some engravings; and to buy only of an honest dealer, in order not to be deceived in the value of the picture, as a work of art, after having decided on the kind to purchase. Better buy fewer pictures, and have each of them good of its class, than buy a mass of rubbish because it is cheap. Nothing in art is cheap that is not beautiful, and the best of its style.

We advise our readers to give Mr. Elliot a call; it will be perfectly safe to take one's wife or daughter to his portfolios—which, we regret to say, it is not always the case in other art stores. We take especial pleasure in copying from Mr. Elliot's art paper the following paragraph:

Among the fine-art publishers whose works we keep constantly on hand, there are a small number who have so far forgotten their duty to their generation, their self-respect, and their relation to Christian culture, as to issue prints of an improper and impure character. We shall continue to refuse to fill orders for such vile publications, or to pollute our portfolios with them. We keep no picture in our store that can bring a blush to the cheek of purity. We sell nothing that is not fit to be seen in the beautiful home which it is the business of Christian social science in this age to provide for all its children. We shall not depart from this practice. If we should sometime reach the home of our Redeemer, it would be no pleasant reflection there that we had here so forgotten our service to Him as to aid one in a downward path."

This is a man who is not afraid to carry his religion to his store with him. We heartily commend him to our readers.

SOUTH CAROLINA AHEAD.

[We take especial pleasure in publishing the following note from Rev. and Hon. B. F. Whittemore, Representative in Congress from South Carolina. That State is doing grandly. Yet Florida in her actual balloting is a little ahead.]

Washington, D. C., Nov. 27th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD:—In looking over your columns of Nov. 19th, I find you exulting at the fact, among other memorable events, of a colored elector by the Florida Legislature, who with his two white associates, cast the first vote directly for Grant and Colfax on the day of their election. As the names upon our electoral ticket do not discover the complexion of the electors, and you are always ready to hail the evidence of equal rights, practically enjoyed, I have (not wishing South Carolina to lose her place in the lead of the new order of things) determined to give you the list of our electors, with the color of their cuticle, that you may farther extenuate in your counsels to such as are waiting for precedents.

UNION REPUBLICAN STATE ELECTORAL TICKET.

For State at Large, D. H. Chamberlain, C. J. Stolbrand, white.
1st Congressional District, S. A. Swails, colored.
2d " " A. J. Ransier, colored.
3d " " W. J. McKinlay, colored.
4th " " James M. Allen, white.

Hon. B. F. Randolph, colored, who was brutally murdered in the upper part of the State, during the late political campaign, was nominated as one of the electors at our regular Republican Nominating Convention. The vacancy occasioned by his death was filled by the College of Electors. Hon. S. A. Swails is at present State Senator, and Messrs. Ransier and McKinlay are members of the General Assembly, all honorable and able men, who have been engaged in the laudable work of the reconstruction of their State upon the basis of equal rights and exact justice, as well as the restoration of a deluded people to their "proper practical relations" in the Union.

On the first Wednesday in December, these gentlemen, with their three white associates, an equal number, will meet and vote for Grant and Colfax as directed by the people who gave nearly 18,000 majority for the Republican presidential nominees.

South Carolina is ahead of the school master State, Massachusetts, by her action, and having done her duty, bids New England remember her precepts and practice, or follow her example.

B. F. WHITTEMORE.

NOTES.

The Christian Era quotes our note on the "Fraud," which showed how "the new version" was being distributed by money-begged from door to door by Sabbath School children for the freedmen, and condemns the "spirit of the article." No matter, the new version leaves "the Spirit" from several places where the regular version inserts it, as well as from its translation as a whole. The Era can therefore leave out our "spirit," though it was kind and true; will it please attend to the facts? It confesses that it does "not like the translation." How would it like such a mode of circulating it by money from congregations who earnestly disapprove of it. Our spirit was good. The author of that note was one of the best natured and most learned of our doctors, and he referred to the circulation in the use of the word "fraud;" and if that is not fraud, what is it? The Bible Union require of their translators "to use the English language with the least possible obscurity, or indefiniteness." That requires a good plain word for the definition of such a transaction, and that word is "fraud." As to the version itself, we agree with the Era in our dislike of it, and may yet, unlike the Era, give our reasons for our disapproval; but that should be kept, and in the "fraud" notes has been largely kept separate from the circulation matter, except one line recommending Mr. Jewett's pamphlet.

The Watchman & Reflector compares the death of drowning by baptism with the death of an old gentleman while engaged in reading the Bible, and thinks both acts of the same character. No wonder that such a discriminative mind puts the Methodists and Mormons in the same category.

The Universalist thinks The Independent ought to take the form of THE HERALD. So should all the rest. And not the form only could our neighbors copy; its letter and spirit are equally worthy of imitation. When will The Universalist attain to that grace?

New York State cast about 850,000 votes. One half of them came from the river and island counties. The centre of population, if this canvass be not too fraudulent, is along the Hudson, almost the extreme eastern edge of the State.

Halifax is a model city in one respect. With a population of forty thousand, it has not a single theatre. Would that Boston were as well off.

The Watchman and Reflector puts the true position of religious journalism in one good sentence: "A religious journal in this year of our Lord must be free and independent, or it must be, what is as unprofitable as it is demoralizing, an echo."

THE PILGRIM is winning its way with growing audiences of delighted men, women and children. Rev. George Lansing Taylor wrote the following lines as a prologue for its opening exhibition in this city:

Spirit Divine that lit the seer,
Whose visioned soul, in trance sublime,
Saw Christian's pilgrimage through time,
Till God's great city flashed out clear;—
On us, on all who throng to view
Through Art's deep sight that life unrolled,
Shed thine own inmost light untold!
Make eyesight all our being through!
O Wondrous Pilgrim, hero bright,
Sorrowing, immortal saintly, strong,
When shall we join that unknown song
With thee, beyond heaven's steep of light?

SELDOM has murder assumed a more horrid form than in the deed at Charlestown, Mass., last Friday. An industrious and well behaved Irishman named Cronin, was stooping over a sausage meat-trough shovelling the meat into a tub, when his wife's brother, Renne, came up behind him, and with the sharp cleaver with which they cut up their hogs, cut off his head. It fell on his chest hanging only by a little of the skin. The deed was caused by malice. Renne had been brought over from Ireland only a few months ago by money advanced by Cronin through the influence of his wife, Renne's sister. He had refused to pay back the money advanced. This had caused division of feeling, and Cronin had trusted his wages. This roused the murderous hate of Renne, and he took this awful means of revenge. Murder by slow poison, by the bullet and the knife, even by the beating in of the head with a stone, as was done by Andrews, have a less atrocious look than this individual guillotine. It shows how terribly and completely evil can possess the soul of man. Will some of those who deny the existence and potency of a personal spirit of evil, who tempt and can control the heart he wins, explain how human nature can develop such perfection of crime?

We call especial attention to the advertisement of The Boston Journal, in another column. It needs no word of commendation, and when it becomes converted to Prohibition, it will deserve and receive our full approval. As it is, it is a most valuable newspaper.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 4, 1868.

MEETING OF CONGRESS.

The last session of the Fortieth Congress will have assembled before this paper is published. Your correspondent resumes his duty of weekly reviewer of its proceedings with considerable satisfaction at the present prospects, both as to things done, and to those that are expected to be accomplished. Though peace has not yet been entirely established, for Ku Klux assassination still asserts itself in some localities, still a great advance has been made by the result of the November election.

The Republican members and senators return to their labors with a very earnest desire to settle for good and all, the questions still unfinished and relating to the reconstruction of the Union. The brave and earnest are encouraged, while the timorous are strengthened in the good faith. It seems more than probable that quite early in the session an amendment will be presented and adopted, regulating the suffrage in all the States on the basis of impartiality. So far as political action is concerned, this will be the main work of the winter. There are several views with regard to the suggested amendment:

1. There are those who want to declare that all male citizens of the United States shall be entitled to vote in every State, at all elections, and no State laws shall be framed to abridge or restrict this right.

2. There are those who desire to frame the amendment so that it will include only the elections for Representatives and the Presidential candidates.

3. Others desired that the amendment shall be simply prohibitive—prohibiting any restriction by a State of the elective franchise on account of race or color, and declaring all such laws inoperative and void.

This latter form will, it is said, secure all that is needed, allow the States to grant female, or require intelligent suffrage at any future time. A great many persons object to the insertion of the term "male," desiring it to be left simply "citizen"—leaving to the courts to decide whether that word politically includes woman, as well as man.

Other measures, such as will relate to the condition of Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, will be adopted; also some action bearing upon investigation of the affairs of Georgia and Louisiana, will certainly be put in motion.

Financially, affairs and theories are yet so mixed as to prevent any intelligent appreciation of what will be the character of measures likely to be adopted.

There will be some amended law of naturalization passed; also measures of retrenchment and reform with regard to the civil and diplomatic services. The session will be an exceedingly busy one, and the Christmas recess be much shorter than usual, if any is had, which is quite doubtful.

Mr. Sumner, of the Massachusetts delegation, is the only one in town. He is actively at work setting his residence in order, having but just received the balance of his furniture, and removed his books, etc., from the former family home down in Boston. He seems to be in quite good health, and his throat is very much better.

A BENEFICIAL CHANGE.

Of one thing the country may rest assured, and that is of the entire respectability—I use that much abused term in its best sense—that will characterize the incoming administration. It becomes daily more evident that the moral atmosphere that surrounds General Grant is of a tone fitly recalling the best memories of the land, and warranting fully the highest hopes of those who have labored assiduously to cleanse the Augean stables of this administration. Seeing something, as your correspondent has done, of the Headquarters of the Army and of those who are associated with them, he has become strongly impressed with the feeling of the masculine integrity and patriotism which prevails therein. A chief who surrounds and draws to himself so closely men of such pronounced characters as Rawlins, the Chief of Staff, Gen. Parker, the Indian Aid, Gen. Badeau, the Military Secretary, Comstock, Dent and Porter, must himself be a man of rare evenness of temper and equity of disposition. None of the intrigues which usually attach to the newly elected President find their "Head Centers" in or about General Grant's headquarters. Those that exist, if any, are conducted elsewhere and by other hands. The citizen who visits Washington after the Fourth of March next may feel assured of one thing. He can himself visit the White House, or more important still, take his family there, without danger of meeting men whom he would nowhere else conceive to be fitly placed in any decent society, or women whose notoriety soils all they touch. Now one sees such persons constantly in the chambers and antechambers of the Executive mansion.

KOSMOS.

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

NORTHEAST MISSION.—One of the most pleasant gatherings on Thanksgiving day was at the North Street Mission Chapel, where some hundred and fifty children from the garrets and cellars of the most depraved section of our city were collected to partake of a "Thanksgiving Dinner," generously furnished by the friends of this most humane enterprise.

The Mission School is under the superintendency of Prof. Eben Tourjee, who is doing much to forward the good work. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. McDonald. The singing was by the children, and was most delightful. Gov. Claflin, whose heart seems to be in sympathy with every good work, was present, and made a brief address. Mayor Shurtliff, Mr. Slack, of *The Commonwealth*, Rev. Messrs. Upham and McDonald, and others, made short addresses.

The dinner was then served to as eager a company of youngsters as one needs to see. Such a feast of fat things—without wine—probably never greeted their young eyes before; and they gave unmistakable evidence to all present that their palates appreciated the rich repast.

The Mission School deserves the sympathy and support of all our churches. It is doing a noble work for most needy subjects. We are glad to learn that it is receiving the attention of some persons of means and influence. Mrs. Gov. Claflin, we understand, and some other ladies of influence, were present the following Sabbath, and took classes in the school. This is praiseworthy. The gospel is the power of God to save even North Street sinners. May it be applied.

There will be an exhibition of The Pilgrim for the benefit of this mission on the 16th inst.

Four persons were baptized in the Methodist Church at Malden last Sabbath. This is part of the fruits of a late four days' meeting.

A pleasant birthday entertainment came off at Dr. Thayer's on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2d. A half dozen ministers and their wives, with a few of the lay brothers and sisters enjoyed the feast. May he have a hundred more of the same sort.

The young society at Harvard Square, Cambridge, held a festival at Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 20. It was a fine success. This church is getting into excellent condition through the faithful efforts of Rev. A. D. Merrill. He brings forth fruit in old age.

The first Wesleyan Conference in Italy has recently been held in Parma.

Hon. B. F. Butler has contributed \$100 to aid the M. E. Church of Swampscott in paying a debt on their church.

A new M. E. Church, costing about \$15,000, is in process of erection in Williston, Troy Conference.

The M. E. Church at Stateale, Lehigh County, Pa., was dedicated on Sabbath, Nov. 15. Rev. J. E. Meredith, of the Philadelphia Conference, preached an able sermon at 10 A. M. The entire amount of indebtedness was provided for in a few minutes.

Rockport, Me.—Rev. J. A. Ames writes: "The Lord has been saving souls since camp meeting. They have been coming one by one. We have witnessed some of the clearest cases of conversion; the Lord be praised. We expect to move forward at once in finishing our house."

The Vermont Messenger, of December 3, reports cheering news in the way of revivals in Newbury, East Burke, West Berkshire, Milton, and other sections. The drops before the storm. At East Burke they held a protracted meeting which resulted in the happy conversion of sixty precious souls.

REVIVALS.—Successful and interesting revivals are in progress in various parts of the field. We understand that a good work is being done in Rochester and Lyman. N. H. Rev. A. R. Scott, of Ridgebury charge, N. Y. Conference, writes to the *Advocate* that in his charge there have been some fifty conversions within a few weeks, most of the converts having united with the church.

NEW PURCHASE.—Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, on behalf of the Book Concern, last week made purchase of property on Fourth Street, north side, second door west of Home Street. The building is entirely new, is of free stone front, four stories in height, and has a Fourth Street front of 32 feet, and a Home Street of 18. It is in the business centre of the city, only a little over two blocks from the post office, and within one square of the leading denominational publishing houses of the city.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

CHURCH PROPERTY INCREASE.—The increase in the value of church property of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, during the year just closed, amounts to over seven million dollars.

HOME MISSIONS.—A correspondent of the *London Watchman* calls attention to an important and painful fact:

There is no mission field in the world having stronger claims upon the sympathy and enterprise of the Methodist people than the western districts of London. Amid a middle-class population, numbering half a million, we sustain only one minister to fifty or sixty thousand people, and in fifteen districts, containing some 300,000 souls, not one Wesleyan minister is found. Were other evangelical churches in adequate strength, reason were that our energies should be employed elsewhere, but the reverse is mournfully and notoriously the fact, whilst the activities of Popery are notoriously multiplying.

METHODISM IN NEW JERSEY.—The New York Tribune, of Nov. 23d says:

New Jersey is called the garden field of Methodism. It has now over 50,000 followers in that State. The Methodist Church edifices are the handsomest in New Jersey, and others are being constantly erected. A magnificent edifice is now in course of erection by the Methodists of Morristown, headed by the Hon. George T. Cobb. At Hackensack a number of the wealthier inhabitants have formed a new Methodist Episcopal Church organization, and will soon commence a magnificent structure. A church, 52 feet by 80 feet, is being built by the members of that denomination at Boonton, a portion of which will soon be dedicated to the worship of God. Revivals are in progress in Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton, Bloomingdale, Libertyville, and other towns in the State.

THE M'GILL SQUARE PURCHASE, TORONTO.—A late number of the *Christian Guardian* says:

A meeting in Richmond Street Wesleyan Church, last Friday evening, was held in behalf of the new church enterprise in connection with the M'Gill purchase. The President of Conference took the chair, and several addresses were delivered, after which subscriptions amounting to \$1,400 were given, in addition to the amount previously subscribed. The purchase of this property has excited quite an interest in the city, and meets with general approbation. It must be gratifying to the Wesleyan membership of Canada to have so fine a provision made for the future connectional wants and interests of the church in this city.

WESLEYAN MISSION IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—The annual meeting of the Doncaster Auxiliary was recently held in London, the Rev. E. S. Prout, M.A., in the chair. Says *The Methodist Times* (London):—

He read the report, and expressed his pleasure that during the year the funds of the society had increased about £25,000. The local subscriptions for the year ending March, 1868, amounted to £91 16s 9d. The Rev. John Jones said he found difficulty, after fourteen years speaking in a foreign tongue, to return to the language of his fathers. The difficulties with native teachers were that in his mission-field the islands, though adjacent to each other, the languages were different, and in some cases there were two languages on one island. Native teachers, however, were very useful, while the missionaries often acted as doctors, lawyers, or magistrates. They had no written language. A kiss would be signified by the sound caused by the process. [Laughter.] His church was built under his own supervision; was twenty feet high, and built of coral stone cut from the solid rock by the natives, and occupied eight years in building, and was called the cathedral of the South Seas. He closed an interesting speech by urging to increased exertions.

Tract Anniversary of the M. E. Church.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Tract Society was held in Portland, Me., Nov. 29, 1868. In the morning Bishop James preached at Chestnut St. Church from the words, "Of making many books there is no end." He considered the words prophetic, and having their fulfillment at the present time. He considered the character and influence of the cheap popular literature of the day, and enforced the duty of the church to take earnest and efficient measures at once to secure a corresponding diffusion of Christian literature.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached at Pine St. from the text, "Line upon line, line upon line," etc. The leading thought presented was that in art, nature and grace completeness and perfection are made up of atoms, struggles and repetitions. He illustrated this idea very happily, and applied it with great force to the objects of the Tract Society.

Dr. Andrews of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached at Congress St., taking for his text the words, "The preacher sought to find out acceptable words," etc. His theme was the power and importance of written words, and what was essential to make them acceptable in the sense of the text.

Dr. Wise, editor of the *S. S. Advocate*, preached at Forest Avenue, taking for his text, "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," etc. His leading thought was that while Christianity is the cause of this increasing physical and intellectual activity, the church should make corresponding progress; still keep in advance, rising to a higher Christian life and a fuller consecration. Collections for the cause were taken in each congregation.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the anniversary exercises were held in Chestnut St. Church, Hon. J. J. Perry, of Oxford, presiding. The other Methodist meetings were given up, and the hour was well filled. The services were commenced with singing by the congregation of the 129th hymn.

"Come, Holy Ghost, inspire our songs."

Prayer was then offered by Rev. E. R. Keyes, pastor of the church, followed by singing the 98th hymn,

"Almighty Spirit, now behold."

Dr. Wise, the Corresponding Secretary, then presented the Annual Report of the Society, showing the amount expended during the year, and the work undertaken. Notwithstanding only fourteen thousand dollars had been contributed, the efforts of the Society had reached China, Turkey, Germany, and other foreign lands. But we propose to do more the coming year by changing somewhat our mode of operations. The Report, though brief, was deeply interesting.

Dr. Andrews, of Brooklyn, was then called upon, and responded by showing the power of the press for good or evil. He illustrated this by referring to the Emperor of France amid all his strength, surrounded by armies ready to do his bidding, yet trembling at the power of the press. He spoke of the use Luther and Wesley made of the press, and referring to the demoralizing literature that floods our country, urged the importance of an increased activity in the church. The congregation then sang the 1005th hymn,

"Soon may the last glad song arise."

Rev. J. M. Buckley, of Brooklyn, then addressed the meeting, showing the importance of increasing activity to meet opposing influences. He referred to the various forms of skepticism, Romanism, Spiritualism, Universalism, etc., and the deadly influence they were exerting. He met the common objection "that most of the tracts are wasted, for people will not read them." He showed that in all religious and moral enterprise a great deal of effort seems to be lost or thrown away. Shall we stop preaching and close our churches because people are inattentive and refuse to obey the gospel? Many tracts are lost, but not all. Many are read and are fruitful in good results. No enterprise of the church is more successful according to the amount of effort and money invested; none pays better.

He then replied to another objection, viz., that the American Tract Society can do all the work, and there is no necessity for another. He showed that we began to publish tracts long before they did; that we have a catalogue of publications larger by more than two hundred than theirs, and that they will not publish those tracts that we as Methodists need to present before the world our doctrines and experience. "We are a peculiar people;" why then should we yield the whole field to them and retire?

Bishop James then addressed the meeting. The lateness of the hour admonished him to be brief. Many motives had been presented to awaken new life and activity in this cause. He would present one additional motive: "Let the love of Christ constrain you. If all other motives fail to move you, for Christ's sake awake to this cause! I would dip my pencil in his blood, and throw over the whole enterprise the crimson hues of redemption." A collection was then taken, and the services closed with the benediction by the bishop.

I am aware the above is but a meagre sketch of the sermons and addresses, but no mere sketch can do them justice. It was an occasion that will long be remembered by the church in this city; and we trust that we shall all feel a deeper interest in this important but too much neglected field of Christian enterprise and duty.

S. J. W.

Plan of Episcopal Visitation for 1869.

Conference.	Place.	Time.	Bishop.
Texas	Austin.	January 9.	Simpson.
North Carolina	Union Chapel, Alex. Co.	January 14.	Ames.
Louisiana	Wesley Chapel, N. O.	January 20.	Simpson.
Mississippi	Canton.	January 28.	Simpson.
Liberia	Not given.	February 17.	
India	Lucknow, India.	February 10.	
South Carolina	Canden.	February 11.	Ames.
Kentucky	Harrodsburgh.	February 25.	Scott.
East Maine	Pine Street Ch., Bangor.	May 20.	Clark.
Baltimore	Foundry Ch., Wash. City.	March 3.	Clark.
Virginia	Alexandria.	March 3.	Ames.
St. Louis	Sedalia.	March 10.	James.
C. Pennsylvania	Danville.	March 10.	Scott.
West Virginia	Clarksburgh.	March 11.	Ames.
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del.	March 17.	Simpson.
Philadelphia	Philadelphia.	March 17.	Thompson.
New Jersey	Millville.	March 17.	Clark.
Missouri	Chillicothe.	March 17.	James.
Newark	Central Ch., Newark.	March 17.	Scott.
Providence	First Ch., Fall River.	March 24.	Clark.
New England	Webster, Mass.	March 24.	Thompson.
Pittsburgh	New Philadelphia, Ohio.	March 24.	Ames.
Kansas	Leavenworth.	March 24.	James.
Washington	Winchester, Va.	March 25.	Simpson.
Nebraska	Nebraska City.	March 31.	James.
New Hampshire	Lisbon.	April 7.	Clark.
New York	Sing Sing.	April 7.	Scott.
New York East	Middletown, Conn.	April 7.	Thompson.
East German	Philadelphia.	April 8.	Simpson.
Vermont	Not fixed.	April 13.	Thompson.
Wyoming	Hoguesdale, Pa.	April 15.	Ames.
Troy	Wash'n St. Ch., W. Troy.	April 15.	Kingsley.
Central New York	Auburn.	April 15.	Scott.
North Indiana	Pearl St. Ch., Richmond.	April 15.	James.
Black River	Woodsport.	April 15.	Clark.
Maine	Saccapappa.	May 3.	Clark.
Germany and Switzerland	Bremen.	June 17.	
Colorado	Central City.	June 24.	Kingsley.
Delaware	Milford, Del.	July 22.	James.
Oregon	Eugene City.	August 12.	Kingsley.
Cincinnati	Hillsborough.	August 25.	Ames.
East Gene co.	Phelps, Ontario County.	August 25.	James.
Des Moines	Indianola.	August 26.	Clark.
Detroit	Central Church, Detroit.	September 1.	Scott.
Iowa	Muscatine.	September 1.	Thompson.
Nevada	Washoe City.	September 2.	Kingsley.
Central German	Newport, Ky.	September 2.	Ames.
North Ohio	Norwalk.	September 8.	James.
N. W. Indiana	Lafayette.	September 8.	Clark.
Southern Illinois	Vandalia.	September 15.	Thompson.
Central Ohio	Hindley.	September 15.	James.
Michigan	Grand Rapids.	September 15.	Scott.
Indiana	Evansville.	September 15.	Ames.
S. E. Indiana	Trinity Ch., Indianapolis.	September 15.	Simpson.
California	Napa City.	September 15.	Kingsley.
N. W. German	Second Ch., Milwaukee.	September 16.	Clark.
Upper Iowa	Independence.	September 22.	Clark.
Illinois	Lincoln, Logan County.	September 22.	Thompson.
Wisconsin	Appleton.	September 23.	Scott.
Erie	Franklin, Venango Co.	September 29.	Ames.
Tennessee	Huntingdon, Carroll Co.	September 29.	Simpson.
Central Illinois	Canton, Fulton County.	September 29.	Thompson.
West Wisconsin	Portage City.	September 30.	Scott.
O. O.	Centenary Ch., Manti.	October 6.	James.
Rock River	Embury Ch., Freeport.	October 6.	Clark.
Genesee	Lyndonville.	October 6.	Ames.
Holston	Jonesborough.	October 7.	Simpson.
Minnesota	Minneapolis.	October 7.	Scott.
S. W. German	Burlington, Iowa.	October 7.	Thompson.
Georgia	Atlanta.	October 14.	Simpson.
Alabama	Mt. Hermon, Connecut Co.	October 21.	Simpson.

The India, and Germany and Switzerland Mission Conferences, and also the Chinese and Bulgarian Missions, to be visited by Bishop Kingsley in 1870.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS.—The Missionary Board, at its late meeting in New York, appropriated for our foreign and domestic missions for the ensuing year, the sum of \$850,000. This does not amount to one dollar per member, there being, according to the latest returns, 1,264,958 members in the church. Is not this a humiliating fact that the M. E. Church, the largest and richest church in the land, does not raise one dollar per member for the missionary cause? It ought not, it must not be. The people are willing to give twice that amount, if properly instructed, and asked to do it. Give them the necessary information, and they will cheerfully contribute two dollars per member for the conversion of the world to Jesus Christ. The following are the chief items:—

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Africa, \$12,825; South America, \$15,060; China, \$56,880.75; Germany and Switzerland, \$41,250; Scandinavia, \$31,553.88; India, \$80,053.12; Bulgaria, \$11,235.03; Spain, for opening a mission, \$5,000; Italy, for opening a mission, \$5,000; Cuba, for opening a mission, \$5,000; Mexico, for opening a mission, \$5,000; New Granada, for a mission in Cartagena, \$1,000. Total for foreign missions, \$275,868.78.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.—Foreign populations, \$52,150; Indians, \$5,800; American, \$297,250; American in Territories, \$14,000; \$369,200; Miscellaneous, \$75,000; to meet (in part) outstanding drafts, \$129,933.22. Grand total, \$850,000.

To the New England Conferences, for their domestic missions the ensuing year, the following sums were appropriated:—

New England Conference, \$4,000; East Maine, \$2,400; Providence, \$2,000; New Hampshire, \$2,000; Maine, \$1,800; Vermont, \$1,600.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the General Missionary Committee, namely:—

Resolved, That in making appropriations to American domestic missions, this committee understand that they are made for the specific purpose of establishing new charges in the most promising fields; and that the Committee recommend that appropriations should not be made, as a general rule, by the Annual Conferences to the same charges for more than five consecutive years.

After the foregoing appropriations had been approved by the Board of Managers, the Bishops expressed their concurrence as follows, in a communication to the Committee and Board of Managers, dated New York, Nov. 17:—

We have witnessed with much satisfaction the prayerful and careful attention with which you have considered the condition and claims of the missionary cause among us, and the deliberate and prudent manner in which you have provided for its support and progress for the coming missionary year.

We believe you have done wisely in increasing, to a moderate extent, your appropriations both to the foreign and domestic departments.

We know you share our most earnest desire that the increased liberality of the church may enable us next year much more fully to meet the growing claims of our whole work.

We doubt not you will continue to unite with us in praying most devoutly and constantly that the great Head of the church will imbue us and all the church more fully with the spirit of the great commission committed to us by our divine Lord and Master to disciple all nations.

With these sentiments we concur in the appropriations you have made for the coming year.

We think you are justified in trusting, to the extent you have done, the missionary intelligence and zeal of the churches and pastors. We are persuaded they will respond promptly and cheerfully to your action. Certainly God will honor your faith.

In our judgment Providence has clearly indicated your duty in reference to the appropriations you have made at this time. The exigencies of our missions, and the recent providential opening of new fields, imperatively demanded of you all you have done. Indeed, the urgent claims of our domestic and foreign missions have been but partially met. Great want will still be felt in both these departments.

After the appropriations had been approved by the Board of Managers, the Bishop expressed their concurrence as follows, namely:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1868.

To the General Mission Committee and Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church:—

DEAR BROTHERS: We have witnessed with much satisfaction the prayerful and careful attention with which you have considered the condition and claims of the missionary cause among us, and the deliberate and prudent manner in which you have provided for its support and progress for the coming missionary year.

We believe you have done wisely in increasing, to a moderate extent, your appropriations both to the foreign and domestic departments.

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With these sentiments, we concur in the appropriations you have made for the coming year.

In pastoral love, yours very truly,
T. A. MORRIS, E. R. AMES,
E. S. JAMES, O. C. BAKER,
L. SCOTT, D. W. CLARK,
M. SIMPSON, E. THOMSON,
C. KINGSLEY.

FREEWILL BAPTIST STATISTICS.—According to the Free-will Baptist Register, now out of press, our denomination contains a membership of sixty-three thousand five hundred and forty-three. This number includes those who have recently come to us from the General Baptists of Ohio and Indiana; but apart from these we number sixty-one thousand

two hundred and forty-four, against fifty-nine thousand two hundred and eleven one year ago, or against fifty-four thousand and seventy-six three years ago.—*Star*.

WANDERER'S HOME.—The semi-annual meeting of the Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers, was held on the month 22d ult. The report of the Executive Committee stated that 2,054 children have been cared for during the last three and one half years, 1,230 of whom have been given up for adoption. About 800 children of soldiers have been cared for and placed in homes. The expenses of the last six months ending Nov. 1st, were \$17,051.92. Wm. B. Spooner, Rev. Dr. Neale, Rev. J. E. Rankin, and Rev. Mr. Teles, made addresses. The institution is about \$1,000 in debt, and \$2,000 is needed immediately.

AN OLD FASHIONED PROTESTANT.—There was a great commotion in the ritualistic church at Brighton, England, a few Sundays since. While Rev. J. Parshas, the rector, in gaudy vestments, was leading a procession through the aisles, a man suddenly arose in one of the pews and cried out, "I can't stand this! O, the martyrs of Smithfield! Protestants to the rescue!" At the same time he hurled a prayer book at the head of the rector, who fled to the altar for refuge, and the greatest excitement and confusion ensued. The two vigorous Protestants were soon seized and carried out, however, and the procession formed again. The offender was fined one pound and costs by the police judge, next day, which the anti-ritualistic churchmen more than made up to him. Mr. Parshas is the rector whom the Bishop of Chichester lately inhibited from officiating, but he persists, claiming that his church is private property, and that he is supported by the voluntary offerings of his people.

TEMPERANCE DISCIPLINE IN OLD SCHOOL CHURCHES.—A contemporary having charged Old School Presbyterian Churches with admitting to membership persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, the organ of that church replies that the charge seems to it exaggerated, but if any such persons have a place in Presbyterian Churches, it demands the prompt action of sessions in the way of discipline. It says that "any session which will receive into the communion of the church any man who manufactures and sells intoxicating liquors for drinking purposes, is guilty of a grievous offense against the law of the church, the law of God, and the present and everlasting welfare of their fellow creatures."

Such action, moreover, would accord with the instructions of the General Assembly on the subject, that "the churches must purge themselves from all participation in the sin, by removing from their pale all who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks for use as a common beverage." A man engaged in this business, in this day of light and knowledge, the same paper reasons, cannot present creditable evidence of Christian character, such as should admit him to the church. "He could not be received into the communion of the church if he is engaged in the business when he makes the application; neither should he be continued in communion if he enters the business afterwards, nor be certified to any other church as a member in good standing.—*Evangelist*."

BABIES—THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.—In a certain town not more than a thousand miles distant from the centre of the old Bay State, the good ladies connected with the Woman's Rights Association were very much annoyed by the conduct of one of their townsmen, who made light in the most open manner of all their proceedings. Thinking to come up with him, and to shame him, they sent a deputation to his house, who presented him with a rag baby, as a testimonial of their respect for the very gentlemanly manner in which he had made fun of the society and of themselves. His wife, indignant at the "strong-minded women," the other day presented him with another kind of a baby, which she says is more than the woman's rights advocates can do; and the worthy husband declares he is now quite happy, having both kinds of babies on hand at once.—*Christian Era*.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—The Very Rev. Dean Boyd is now in residence at Exeter, Eng. On Sunday, Nov. 1, he occupied the pulpit of the cathedral at the morning service, and preached from Rev. vii. 16, 17. In the course of the sermon he said:—"We read nothing in this account of the saints respecting priestly absolution by which man's breath can destroy the existence of sin; we read nothing there of rites and ceremonies whereby, as it were, men were ceremonized into heaven. There was nothing there of sacerdotal efficacy, nothing of purchasing right to heaven by frequent communion, nothing of the mummeries of Popery or the limitations of Popery. But we read there the old evangelical creed, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.'" The rest of the sermon was in keeping with this specimen.

MORE SOUND DOCTRINE.—At the first Annual Meeting of the State Conference of Congregational churches in Connecticut, held at Waterbury, Conn., Nov. 10 and 11, a discussion took place in regard to the alarming growth of Catholicism in the United States.

Rev. R. B. Thurston, of Stamford, in leading, set forth the facts connected with the growth of the Papacy among us, and the consequent necessity that is laid upon the Protestant churches without regard to denomination to make a stand against the inroads of the Catholic power. He showed how individuals might often exert a kind and Christianizing influence over their servants and employees and thus succeed, not by denunciation and rebuke, but by love, in winning them to the truth. He urgently objected to the practice of those church members who send their daughters to Roman Catholic schools. In closing he expressed the hope that this Conference might send a reply to the recent letter of the Pope to the non-Catholic Churches, as other similar bodies had already done. This suggestion was quickly responded to, by the appointment of a committee of three to draw up such a reply. The discussion on this subject was continued by several members, the drift of their remarks being: the advisability of learning something from the Catholics in the style of our church buildings and their appointments; the necessity of treating Romanists with courtesy and gentlemanly propriety, and of praying and laboring that the Papacy as a system may be destroyed, while the Catholic Church is preserved, redeemed and purified from all error and superstition.

We hear from many points in the wide field where our weekly visits are welcomed of encouraging signs in the churches. Pastors are preaching with new earnestness and unction, prayer meetings are well sustained, personal efforts for the conversion of individuals are successful, and hopes are cherished of a copious effusion of the "the Spirit from on high." Let the churches everywhere wait on God, work for Him, and expect great blessings.—*Watchman*.

A GREAT CATHEDRAL.—The Roman Catholics of London are about to erect a cathedral that will rival any of the cathedrals of the continent. The site selected is in Westminster, near Buckingham Palace. The building is professedly a memorial to the late Cardinal Wiseman, who styled himself, as does his successor, Archbishop of Westminster. It is said that it will be eventually the most spacious and attractive cathedral in the world. The ground alone which it is to occupy has cost no less than \$200,000. It will be the first recognized Roman Catholic Cathedral in England since the days of Queen Mary.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Rev. Mr. Lescout read an essay before the Worcester District Sabbath School Convention, from which we make these extracts:

The greatest of all discouragements is found to rise out of our own conscious weakness and insufficiency as teachers and guides of souls to an immortal destiny. The first encouragement is that God has assigned to you this work. In a very important sense you are called of God to teach his Word in the Sunday School. You wonder why you are called to this work, while others of more ability look upon you and those for whom your compassion is moved, and "pass by on the other side." You feel a responsibility; they do not. There are as many reasons for you to pass by on the other side as for them. But you, like the Good Samaritan, have the best of all reasons for giving your Spirit-moved heart to this Christian work—*duty*. I would encourage you in this good work by the assurance of the divine presence and help. "Lo, I am with you always," says our divine Lord, "even unto the end." Those prayers, those tears for souls poured on the mercy-seat, for Christ's sake, will not be overlooked. God marks your freely-given, precious, priceless labor of love. Not for self do you give time, care, prayer, tears, those anxious hours, but for Christ. He will never forget it; he will never forget you. The Holy Spirit, sent to comfort, to guide, to teach, will be with you and your class. He will take of the things of God, and show them unto teacher and scholar. It is *certain* that "your labor in the Lord shall not be in vain." "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." This word God hath spoken. Where there is a cross there is a Christ for you who bear it. It is probable that with divine presence you will see saving results from your labor. "Go forth weeping, bearing precious seed," and you shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, in hope. Let them only be tears of pity for the unsaved in your class; tears which pray in your closet, tears which fall in mercy's sight, such as God treasures up in the bottles of heaven. Go, then, into the vineyard and glean, and you, like Ruth, shall be favored of God. Some of the precious grain may have been overlooked by reapers who have passed by forever. Some of this unnoticed grain may be "among the briers growing rank against the wall." Go and gather it in your brier-torn hand. You may bring forth the best seed wheat of all. This, sown and watered for another harvest, may be like the handful of corn in the top of the mountain, the fruit of which shall shake like Lebanon. It is possible that the stars which in your charity you hoped to see shining in the crown of some beloved pastor, may be set by the Master's hand to shine forever in your crown of rejoicing, a memorial of His grace and your fidelity.

"Ye may not see the opening bud,
The first sweet sign of Spring;
The first dew drop, of the quickening shower
On the dry hard ground that ring.
But the harvest-home ye'll reap,
The summer of life ye'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together there."

Rev. Pliny Wood read an essay before the Lynn District Sabbath School Convention. "How can we best secure the attention of the children belonging to the Sabbath Schools upon Public Worship?" The following are timely thoughts:

Some fifty thousand youth from among our own people are annually thrown upon the world from our own schools, and are only occasional attendants upon the means of grace. Men and women of God, these fifty thousand of our youth are drifting into infidelity and crime.

A few years ago and it was a very uncommon thing to find a person who had been a regular member of any evangelical Sunday School in any of our prisons and Houses of Correction. But I am prepared to say, from some considerable observation among the younger class of criminals in our prisons and reformatory institutions of the Commonwealth, it is now a rare thing to find one who has not been at some time connected with the Sunday School. Conversing with an intelligent young man serving a long sentence in one of our prisons, I asked him, "How came you in here, my young friend?" Fixing his keen eye on me, he replied, "Sir, I left off going to meeting, then the Sunday School, and here I am. It's but a short road from leaving the house of God, to leaving the Sunday School, and I am satisfied it is often—shorter from leaving the Sunday School to prison."

The moral wrecks who have left the house of God are drifting passed us into our prisons, dens of infamy and drunkards' graves. They are wandering stars, destroyed and destroyers of others. This lamentably alarming state of things was not produced by any single cause or in a single year.

If a piece of machinery gets out of order so that it will not work at all, or works but indifferently, the wise mechanic before attempting to repair or put it in order again will first search for the cause, or causes of the defect. Let us do the same in the case before us, then may we be able to suggest a remedy.

In their pastoral visits and when they have met the children on the street, ministers have erred greatly in this respect. Almost invariably we ask the children, "Do you go to Sunday School, my little boy or girl?" Very likely we pat them on the head and place a pictorial card in their hand, sure to say to them, you must go to Sunday School next Sunday. But when did we say to them, you must go the house of God? The Sunday School is remembered. Public worship is forgotten. Now what is the impression on the mind of the child by the servant of God? Why manifestly either that the Sunday School is far more important than public worship, or else that public worship is designed for adults and the children are not expected to attend.

2. Superintendents and teachers, in their personal efforts and appointments of committees, manifest a commendable zeal to gather the children into the Sunday School, but never think of looking into the church. In this respect at least, "Like priest, like people." But I fear the evil influence of many; I fear a great multitude of Sunday School teachers and officers does not end here. I fear many officers and teachers, either before the school is dismissed, or, mingling in the crowd of children, leave the house of God, and forsaking public worship, perhaps unconsciously, but none the less surely, are educating the children to esteem the house of God and public worship of but little account.

3. The character of some of our Sunday School library books, together with the time when they are distributed, have had much to do with producing the state of things which we now lament.

I would not be understood as desiring to banish all works of fiction from Sunday school libraries, still I am confident there needs vastly more care in the selection. Neither do I refer to the books published at our own "Book Concern." I desire to say here, most emphatically, I never have read a book with the imprint of the Sunday School Union, 200 Mulbury Street upon it, but what in my judgment may with safety be placed in the hands of every child in the land, and with reasonable expectation that they will be made the better for reading. It is the books from other and less responsible sources which find their way into our schools which I object to; books that are written, even the best of them, with a view merely to interest and amuse for the moment, rather than to instruct the intellect and make the heart better. Now then, place these books, as is the general practice, in the hands

of children just as the school closes, and public worship is about to commence, with their curiosity excited to read the wonderful story of adventure and escape, and away they fly from the house of God to their homes.

4. The course pursued by parents has much to do with the neglect of public worship by the children. Perhaps to parents more than to any and all other causes, combined belongs the responsibility. Parents except in rare instances do not make a habit of going with the children to the house of God. Parents do not require their children to go, and if you converse with them relative to the non-attendance of their children on public worship, the reason assigned is that the children go to school all the week, and that they are physically unable to go to Sunday School and church also, and therefore preference is given to the Sunday School, and public worship is neglected. Some few parents have progressed so far as to say that they would prefer that their children would go to the fields and see the flowers, to the woods and hear the songs of the bird, than to be shut up in the church. If the parents have reached this, where may we look for the children? Certainly not in the house of God.

5. Club rooms, stores and shops open on the Sabbath in many communities have much to do with the non-attendance of boys and young men upon public worship. I venture the remark, that in nearly every considerable town in Massachusetts more young men may be found in club rooms, stores and shops every Sabbath than in our churches. These are the places of their constant resort on the Lord's Day. Only occasionally are they found in the house of God. These places are open morning, afternoon and evening; in many of them intoxicating liquors are freely bought and drank. Here in the winter and stormy Sundays you may now, or soon will, find the sons of fathers who now would rather their children would go to the fields or woods than to the house of God.

How and by whom shall this evil be cured? By those that consciously or unconsciously aided in its growth. 1. In his pastoral visits, and when he meets the children on the street, and asks them relative to their attendance at the Sunday School, let him also encourage them to attend public worship. This will be well pleasing in the sight of God, and will result in the conversion of not thirty-one thousand per annum, but twice the number.

2. Let Sunday School Superintendents and teachers speak a good word relative to public worship.

3. Be more careful in the selection of library books. The Quarterly Conference is required to appoint a committee who shall be members of our church to have charge of the Sunday School interests generally. It further provides that "it shall be the duty of the preacher in charge, aided by the Superintendent, and the Committee on Sunday Schools, to decide as to what books shall be used in our Sunday Schools." Let the law of the church be followed in this respect, and we shall not have such question books as we sometimes find in the schools, nor library books of doubtful moral tendency.

4. Let parents more generally go with their children to the Sunday School, and then require the children to go with them to house of God. If this is taxing the strength of children too much, it furnishes an argument for giving one preaching service to the Sunday School, to which all shall go, and then let all attend public worship.

5. Let us in words that burn from the pulpit and press show the demoralizing tendency of gatherings on the Sabbath in club rooms, shops, and stores. Let us win by kindness from these Sabbath haunts those who have been drawn into them. Invite them to your churches; yes, "compel them to come in."

6. By precept and example we are called upon more than ever to insist on the sanctity of the Sabbath, and that it is designed not only as a day of rest, but is also set apart as a day of public worship. Therefore to devote its sacred hours to amusement or recreation at home, in the fields, woods, at the seashore, excursion, or social visits, is a profanation of the day, and a sin against God, and demoralizing to society. Men and women of God, the hosts are gathering for the great conflict which is sure to come. On the one side, Romanism, Paganism, Spiritualism, and all the various forms of infidelity; on the other, pure Christianity with an open Bible borne aloft by the various armies of our common Protestantism, which is the hope of the world, are marshaling. The children of to-day must fight this great battle. We must commence their training with a view to it without delay. We must do it by teaching them that God has ordained and therefore we must not reject public worship.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.

Asparagus should be covered with two or three inches of manure, or litter. The crop will be all the better next spring. People talk about giant asparagus, but we think it comes of high manuring. No one who has enjoyed the early vegetable once, will do without it if possible to raise or buy it. It is surprising to us that so few farmers raise this excellent article. Some are possibly prevented from doing it because of the difficulty attending its cultivation, but we assure such that it is just as easy to raise it as to raise potatoes after one knows how. If nothing prevents we will give an article on this subject at some future time.

Celery may be kept in a cool cellar, set upright in a box with earth about the roots. Many prefer to keep it out doors in trenches a foot wide or so, and deep enough to take in the plants. The plants should stand upright and near together, with earth only about the roots, and the whole covered with straw or other matter to keep out the frost. This most delicious salad should always be found on the table with poultry and other roast meats, and it will relish at any dinner.

Hot-beds. In order to be ready to sow the hot-beds early, or to get early lettuce and other vegetables, prepare the soil now and place it near where the beds are to be, and cover it so that it will not freeze. For lettuce, use a portion of the same soil that was used for the same purpose last year, a portion of fresh loam, and one third at least of well rotted horse manure. When the beds are made, put in a foot or fifteen inches of coarse, unfertilized horse manure, and then spread four or five inches of this prepared soil over all, and the bed will then be ready either for seed or young plants. Unless lettuce is wanted very early, January or February will be in season to start the hot beds.

Ploughing. Continue this work just as long as the ground remains open, or until the work is all done. Sward land may be ploughed, even after ploughed land is somewhat frozen.

Rhubarb. If one would have a supply of this good article they should treat it very much as they would their asparagus. Put coarse manure right on the stools or hills. It likes a good rich soil, and will give good returns for all the care be-

stowed upon it. New plantations may be set either in the fall or spring. The Victoria is the largest and best variety to plant. Two eyes are enough for a hill or stool, a rich and rather moist soil will give the largest, and a warm dry soil the earliest crop.

Hogs. Those that are to be killed this fall should now be in good condition, for it is more difficult to put on the fat after the weather is right cold. It is most always best to get hogs intended for sale into the market early. When the old ones are killed, fill up with pigs, for no farmer who has a barn cellar when the manure drops down should allow it to remain long without hogs upon it. It is better to have loads of muck loam or sand handy in the cellar to throw into the piggens occasionally. Manure is of prime importance to the farmer, and he should see that no opportunity is lost to increase his pile of this indispensable article.

Manure. Clear all the pig pens out, and the heaps away from the barn windows and under the barn before the cold weather, for the room will be needed for the accumulations of winter. Cover up the heaps made with loam or muck, to prevent loss.

Leaves. There is still time to secure a stock for winter's use, as the snow very kindly holds off much to the accommodation of farmers.

Hens and Henhouses. All fowls need considerable attention in cold weather. If hens are expected to lay, they should have good food, access to the ground, warm houses, etc. The houses should be carefully looked after and made secure against cold. Fowls should never be too much crowded in a house. Better to keep a few well than many poorly.

Bones. It becomes owners of land to save all the bones they can conveniently, for they form a very valuable fertilizer. One difficulty is to reduce them to a convenient size to be most readily used by the plant. Some use them whole, planting them under grape vines, about trees, and elsewhere, while others have them crushed, and use them in this form, while still others prefer the powdered bone, or bone dust, in which form it acts more quickly than in any other. It is said that if bones are placed in a vessel, and mixed in with wood ashes, and then the whole wet, that after a while the bones will be reduced to a paste, and, mixed with the ashes, form a most valuable manure. Others dissolve the bones in acid, but this is quite expensive. It is better to save them and use them whole than to allow them to lie about the buildings, wherever the dogs may see fit to leave them, or even where they may have been thrown by the servants. If one does not care to use them, let the children gather and sell them to the old junk folks that go about to gather up whatever may be useful.

Hyacinths and Tulips. These bulbs are too well known to need a description, but they are very seldom seen in country gardens, although their presence there would do much toward relieving the minds of farmers' wives and children from the cares and troubles of country life. The crocus, which blooms so early in spring, with the little miniature hyacinths and snowdrops, should always be found in every garden. These bulbs increase rapidly; and if one expends but a few dollars to begin with, an abundance will soon be obtained.

There are thousands of beautiful bulbs in cultivation, and it is passing strange that so few people will not indulge in a luxury which costs so little. A beautiful garden shows a refined and elevated taste, and the effect which such things produce upon a community is certainly beneficial, not only to those who cultivate the plants, but to every one who has an opportunity of seeing them.—*Horticultural Recorder.*

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

REV. GEORGE D. STROUT was born in Cape Elizabeth, Me., Jan. 24, 1802, and died in Pittston, Oct. 22, 1868, aged 66 years and 9 months.

He was the son of Elisha and Lucy Strout, and one of eight children. His father dying in 1809, and his mother a few years later, he was left an orphan.

The family that now appeared for his help were kind and friendly; but his new home being a public house, the constant resort of the pleasure-loving, was a place poorly fitted to advance his spiritual or moral interests, and gave but little encouragement that the orphan boy would be educated for a religious teacher. More than this, as he advanced in years he was instructed in the theory of Universalism, which, while it led him to search the Scriptures for building up his tenets, had no power in itself to keep him from the adverse moral influence surrounding him. While his friends instructed him to have a strict regard for truth and honesty, his mind was strongly prejudiced by his reading and religious teaching against a Christian spiritual experience. Amid the bustle of the tavern he had little time for reflection, and less for improvement. His mind, however, was not at ease as the Spirit of the Lord was at work silently upon his heart.

In the summer of 1819 a circumstance occurred that greatly aroused his conscience and alarmed his fears, and that finally ended in his conversion. As he was alone at work he thought some one behind him uttered these words, death, judgment, eternity. The voice seemed so audible that he immediately turned around, and to his surprise found no one in sight; at the same instant the impression was made upon his mind, this is the Spirit of the Lord. The effect produced was so powerful that he was forced to sit down, the same words still sounding in his ears. The thought of dying without God and going to judgment as a guilty criminal, to receive his doom to be banished from his presence and suffer with the damned was awful. After serious conflict with none to counsel him, he finally commenced reading the New Testament with prayer to God for light, throwing aside preconceived opinions as far as possible, and desiring to learn of Jesus the right way, with a settled purpose to walk therein. The emotions of his mind were various until he came to the third chapter of John, and read the Saviour's answer to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God." Here the controversy ended; he saw he must be born of the Spirit, and determined to seek until he found, in the course of time the Lord, and peace filled his soul.

His conflicts in his early experiences were severe, often agonizing and of long continuance, and no doubt under the guidance of the blessed Spirit, had much to do in fitting him for his life's work. A year or more had passed when by the hand of a friend he received a Methodist Discipline which he read with interest, and which gave him a desire to hear the preachers of the faith then everywhere spoken against. It was not long before this wish was gratified in an attendance at the Methodist Church in Portland, where he heard the Rev. Samuel Snowden, of precious memory, who was an instrument of great good. Here he was strengthened, and soon joining this people, not only was blessed but made a great blessing to others.

In 1825 he removed to Thompson Pond Plantation, near Poland, and took possession of land for the purpose of making him a home. An extensive revival followed his humble labors here, and a class was formed of which he was appointed leader. During this period he was much exercised with reference to further public labor, but his mind revolted at the idea that one whose privileges had been so limited should go forward to declare the word of the Lord. He gave himself, however, to the word and prayer, diligently serving his Master, and what was improbable to him was patent to his brethren. He was truly thrust into the vineyard, and in 1827 received a license to exhort and soon after as a local preacher. Having been previously united in marriage to Miss Anna A. Ayer, the faithful companion of his home and future labors. It required strong faith, with a family on his hands, to go forth he knew not where, to serve the Lord. Encouraged by seals given to his ministry, he finally gave himself into the hands of Rev. John Lord, P. E., who appointed him to labor on Durham Circuit, and the year following, 1830, he was recommended to and received on trial in the Maine Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.

His call clearly demonstrated that prayer and fasting, with the blessing of God, will make a good minister of the Lord Jesus. Diligent in every service appertaining to the itinerant ministry, he gave himself to study, and was second to none of his class in opening up new ground to the church and bringing souls to Christ. At the division of the Conference, his work fell within the boundaries of the East Maine Conference, where he continued effective as he had done previously until death. The following appointments indicate the work of his life: 1830, Baldwin; 1831, Buxton; 1832, Baldwin; 1833, Poland; 1834, Otisfield; 1835, Elliot; 1836, South Berwick; 1837, 38, Baldwin; 1839, 40, Durham; 1841, 42, Cape Elizabeth; 1843, Buxton; 1844, Richmond; 1845, 46, East Pittston; 1847, 48, Winslow; 1849, 50, East Vassalboro; 1851, 52, Georgetown; 1853, 54, Bristol; 1855, Woolwich; 1856, 57, Cherryfield; 1858, 59, Calais; 1860, 61, Eastport; 1862, 63, Castine; 1864, 65, Union; 1866, Orono; 1867, 68, Pittston, where he closed his eventful and useful life.

It is not too much to say that few ministers have had such unvaried success in their ministry; not indeed on account of his superior gifts and early facilities for their cultivation, but rather as a result of his close walk with God and the consequent divine favor ever attending his efforts. His own hands often ministered to his necessities while diligent above many in his holy calling. By strict and constant improvement he overcame to a great degree his want of previous training, and succeeded in showing himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His good common sense and courteous manner introduced him to all classes, and while he never forgot the Christian and minister in his intercourse with the people, he was greatly favored in holding influence over those with whom he associated. He was serious and firm in his convictions of truth, industrious and persevering in the inculcation of the same. Commanding the respect and esteem of his brethren in the ministry, he represented them in the General Conference of 1864 at Philadelphia. For many years he professed and exemplified the doctrine of perfect love. During his last sickness the care of souls pressed heavily upon his heart, and he cherished a conviction that he should live to see the work prosper in the village where he resided. Yet he was ready for his Master's call, and with his life his work laid down. For him to live was Christ, and to die was gain. The workmen die but the work goes on, to God be all the glory.

C. W. M.

ASENATH M. NORTH died in Lowell, Oct. 18, in the sixty-eighth year of her age.

Sister North has been a member of the church in this city for many years. She was widely known as the wife of William North, one of our most aged, devoted, and beloved fathers in Israel. For many years she has been a great sufferer from one of the most distressing of all human maladies. Hers was a spirit which held a vital grasp upon things earthly, and it was not, therefore, without a painful struggle that she succumbed to disease, and yielded to the law of death; but God worked within her, "to will and to do of his good pleasure," and she sank into his will, and his pleasure was done. Her suffering was so severe, and so long protracted, that she became "wonder unto many;" but she "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," at one time exclaiming, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." And again, as she approached her end, "I feel that I am passing down into the valley now; but I have peace, for His rod and His staff comfort me." Her friends comfort themselves, saying, "She has entered into her rest."

S. F. JONES.

WIDOW PAMELIA MILLIKEN departed this life in Mechanic Falls, Me., Sept. 29, 1868, in the 77th year of her age.

In early life she received a clear and full assurance that her name was inscribed in heaven, and for over sixty years she was a burning and shining light in her family and in the Christian church. A prominent trait in her Christian character is beautifully set forth in Matt. v. 9. She was heavenly-minded, impartial, fully consecrated and useful. A mother in our Israel, beloved by all who knew her, and is not, for God hath taken her. Her house was the home and preaching-place for the early Methodist preachers when it cost something to be an itinerant Methodist minister in these wild, cold regions. Here they found a cordial, hearty, welcome, hospitality, sweet repose for a few hours, and at parting a hearty God bless you. THE ZION'S HERALD proved fully to her in old age, what it was in her youth, "a weekly ministering angel;" and as this aged eminent pilgrim was entering through the beautiful gate into the heavenly temple, she exultantly and triumphantly exclaimed, "The sun is up, and the sky clear—I finish my course with joy. Glory!"

JOHN GIBSON.

MRS. SARAH W. INGALLS, widow of the late Jonathan B. Ingalls, joined the Common Street M. E. Church in this city, twenty-six years ago, by letter. Her testimonies to the witness of the Spirit to her salvation from sin, through grace in Christ Jesus, at that time as well as later, bore a very high and decided character, not to be forgotten by those who have heard them. Her ideal has been an exalted one, and clearly defined, and the subject of many an exhortation in the class and prayer room. She was an indefatigable Sunday school worker, from the first to the last of her membership here, perhaps a model for punctuality and endurance in that department, never leaving her post as teacher until disease prostrated her. She died as she lived, in patient, intelligent trust and triumph through Christ, on the second of May last, after a brief but distressing illness.

Lynn, Nov., 1868. J. W. F. B.

EPHRAIM STURDIVANT, Esq., of Cumberland, Me., closed a long and uncommonly active life, at his residence in his native town, Aug. 30, aged 86 years.

He was long known in the community as a man of remarkable integrity, business energy, and public spirit. He was a member of the Convention that formed the constitution of Maine; several times represented his town in the Legislature, and was twice a member of the State Senate. In the year 1861, in an extensive revival under the labors of the late Father Taylor, he was converted and joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained an active and useful member till his death. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the church, and contributed generously to the support of public worship. His end was peaceful. His last expressions were those of Christian trust.

Cumberland, Oct. 31.

A. TURNER.



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